DOUBLE PAGE PLATE BY CATON WOODVILLE WITH THIS WEEK'S "ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS."

HOME POTTED MEATS.
Excellent Quality.
Delicious Flavour.
JUNTREE'S
...ily ...tions
...e had most ...orsend 1/3 for Jar and ...of Local ...in your ...rict, to ...JUNTREE, ...WAY STREET, ...UTHPORT.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE, WEEKLY.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED "PIONEER" SWEETENED TOBACCO, KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE RICHMOND GAVENDISH CO., LTD., AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL, AND
Retailed by all first-class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

498.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MORE NURSES AND

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

"UNDOUBTED PURITY AND STRENGTH."
Medical Magazine.

"IN THE FRONT RANK OF REALLY VALUABLE FOODS."—*Lancet.*

FAVOURED BY THE HOMES AND HOSPITALS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA can be obtained from all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores, or from 60, 61, and 62 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

NURSE ROBERTSON, 9 Gordon Road, Lower Edmonton, writes:

"Having tried Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, I am pleased to be able to say that I have found it most sustaining, stimulating, and nourishing. In my work in a large and scattered district (especially when called out at night and in inclement weather) I have found it most invaluable."

NURSE THRUSH, 2 Somers Place, Hyde Park, W., writes:

"I have great pleasure in saying that I have found Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa very beneficial both to myself and patients, and can highly recommend it to all my friends.

"You can make use of this."

"Mrs. GREENING, 46 All Saints' Road, Westbourne Park, W.:

"I have carefully tested Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and I find it extremely refreshing, nourishing, and sustaining. In my capacity as Ladies' Monthly Nurse, I am frequently on duty many hours without sleep. I can, therefore, fully appreciate the excellent qualities of your Vi-Cocoa, and shall not fail to recommend it to my numerous patients.

"You are at liberty to publish this testimonial."

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE
On Mentioning this Journal.

FREEMAN'S PUDDING POWDER

They are simply delicious, and of any flavour—Almond, Vanilla, Raspberry, Peach, Strawberry, Chocolate, Lemon, and Nectarine. There are three packets in a box. Each packet makes a delicious pudding in five minutes. A child can make them.

Trade Mark "Try it." *Sold Everywhere.*

FREEMAN'S PUDDING POWDER

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT

IN THEIR 1, 2, OR 4 OZ. DECORATED TINS, SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

Has the Largest Sale of full-weight 1lb. Tablets in the World, and proved itself to be one of the best Soaps ever used.

BIG PRIZE SCHEME

FOR MARCH, 1900.

10,000 Handsome PRIZES, Value **£5,667 6s.**

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Cash Prize of £50	£50	0	0
10 Pianos, value £40 each	400	0	0
20 American Organs, value £20 each	400	0	0
20 Ladies' Bicycles, value £10 each	200	0	0
50 Jones' Sewing Machines, value £8 each	400	0	0
50 Seller's Labour-saving Washers, with Rubber Wringer complete, value £3 ea.	150	0	0
50 Gents' Gold-filled Waltham Lever (Keyless) Watches, value £2 10/- each	125	0	0
50 Cash Prizes of £2 each	100	0	0
300 Ladies' Sterling Silver Watches, value 30/- each	450	0	0
300 Cash Prizes of £1 each	300	0	0
700 Gents' Umbrellas, value 15/- each	525	0	0
700 Ladies' Umbrellas, value 15/- each	525	0	0
300 Silver-plated Cruets, value 10/- each	150	0	0
500 Ladies' Gun-metal Watches, value 10/- each	£250	0	0
500 Gents' Gun-Metal Watches, value 10/- each	250	0	0
300 Ladies' Umbrellas, value 7/6 each	112	10	0
500 Cash Prizes of 5/- each	125	0	0
500 Boxes of Games (comprising 8 games), value 5/- each	125	0	0
649 Ladies' Leather Hand bags, value 4/- each	129	16	0
4,500 Pictures of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," in gilt frame, value 4/- each	900	0	0
10,000	£5,667	6	0

NOTE.—We have had Five Prize Competitions, and in three of them everybody secured a Prize; therefore do not be afraid to send in your Wrappers, however small your collection.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Every Bar of WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER is enclosed in a Wrapper with signature up the centre of same. Save the WHOLE Wrapper (tops of Wrappers will be disqualified), and send, postage or carriage paid, to JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS, not later than MARCH 31st, 1900. If any parcel arrives, postage or carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. The prizes will be awarded in the above order to the senders of the highest numbers of Wrappers. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and number of Wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcel write legibly "Prize Competition." A list giving result of Competition will be enclosed with each prize when it is sent out. Every Wrapper must have first contained soap. No employees of JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd. will be eligible. All prizes will be despatched about the 20th day of the month following the Competition.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

is full weight 1-lb. Tablets. To be had of all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.

SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS. Read the conditions carefully.

KLAUS'S SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

SOLD EVERYWHERE in 1d. Packets and upwards.

Factory: LE LOCLE, SWITZERLAND.
Sole Agent (Trade only): C. TENNANT SMITH.
Offices and Showrooms: 42 & 44 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

£20

Hairdressers Fitted up. Estimates Free. Tobacconists commencing. See Illustrated Guide (220 pages), 2d. How to Open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2,000.

TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 186, Euston Road, London.

The Largest and Original House. (20 years reputation.) Manager: H. MYERS.

THE ROYAL 4D. MAGAZINE

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, And 164, 166 & 170, Regent Street, London, W.

IRISH DAMASK

(SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.)

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2½ yards square, 2/6; 2¾ by 3, 3/3; 3 by 3, 3/11; 3½ by 3, 4/6; 3½ by 3½, 5/3; 3½ by 4, 6/3; 4 by 4, 7/6. Kitchen Table Cloths, 1/3 each. Irish Linen Pillow Cases, 10/6 per doz. Huckaback Towels, 1/3 per doz. Hemstitched Huckaback Towels, 2/3 per doz. Hand Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling, 6d. per yard.

Surplice Linen, 9d. per yd. Dusters, from 3/8 per doz. Linen Glass Cloths 4/9 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/4½ each. Fine Linen & Linen Diaper, 9½d. per yd. Strong Huckaback Towels, 1/6 per doz.

TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN.

Special Appointments to the Queen and Emperor Frederick of Germany.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples should be Sent Direct to Belfast.

MONEY - MAKING.

100 Hoult's wonderful money-making ideas, scores making big money, 6d. the lot.—UNIQUE TRADING CO., Rotherham.

TO INVENTORS.

Inventions Patented and Trade Marks Registered in all countries. Handbook, "How to Patent an Invention," and advice, post free. HUGHES & YOUNG, Regd. Patent Agents (Est. 1869), 28 Coleman Street, London. Inventors assisted.

THE SALE OF THE CENTURY

is now being held by **John Noble Ltd.**, the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers and Warehousemen in the World, and in addition to the Wonderful Bargains in Costumes, Mantles, Dress and Drapery Goods (fully described and illustrated in the Sale List), they intend to make it m... series of

FREE GIFTS

in Value Surpassing Everything yet attempted.

A Rich Silk Scarf Presen... Lady's Costume. An Em... Square with Lady's Skirt ... Costume. A Useful Han... with every Child's Frock. Purchasers naming *Pears*...

will receive, in addition, a Pretty "Pussy" Calendar.

SALE CATALOGUE, containing full particulars and illustr... Bargains in all departments and FREE... sent post free to any address.

THE JOHN NOBLE 10/6 COSTUMES,

Post Direct from the Manufacturers to the Wearers, at a lower pric... usually charged for the mere making up. The Latest Success in...

Model 1500.

A Wonderful Costume for the price. 10/6. Well cut! Well made!! Well finished!!! It has never been equalled, and cannot be surpassed. The Coat has the latest shaped American collar, tight-fitting back and loose front, fastening with barrel buttons, but may be worn open or closed. Skirt, the latest full shape, and the complete Costume is only 10/6; carriage, 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 3d. extra.

Ladies' Chenille Toque, as sketch, trimmed Flowers, Ribbon, and Wings. Price 2/11. Carriage 6d. extra.

SIZES IN STOCK are 34, 36, 38 inches round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28 inches; Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Any other size made to measure, 1/6 extra.

The Costumes are made in two... durable Cloths—THE JOHN N... CHEVIOT SERGE, and THE... NOBLE COSTUME COATING.

PATTERNS of which are SENT POST FR... all who name *Pearson's Week*...

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either cloth (9yd. 58in. wide) for 7/6; carriage, 6d. Any le... at 1/3 per yard.

FREE.—An Embroidered Silk presented with each of the... Lengths during the Sale.

COLOURS.—Black, Navy, Brow... Myrtle, Electric, Grey, Fawn... Purple, and Cardinal.

Mourning Orders Executed within 24 hours.

DRESS FABRICS AT SALE PR... A Large Box of Patterns sent post free on approva... from.

Bankers: London City & Midland Bank Ltd. *Please mention "Pearson's Weekly" when ord...*

JOHN NOBLE Ltd., BROOK STREET MILLS, MANCHEST...R.

NESTLE'S MILK

ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE RICHEST IN CREAM.

USED THE SAME AS FRESH MILK FOR ALL PURPOSES

Babies, Children, Breakfast, Tea, Puddings, Sauces, Invalids, &c., &c.

Why not have Value for Money?

MITCHELL'S GOLD MEDAL "PRIZE CROP" Choice Virginia CIGARETTES,

WEIGHT FOR MONEY. | PER 8D. OZ. | VALUE IN WEIGHT.

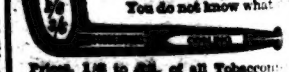
KAPUTINE THE SAFE REMEDY FOR HEADACH...

Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 2/- per packet of 12 doses. Sen... envelope for Free Sample. KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.

FITS CURED.

From the first dose of Guarina fits cease. It has cured, permanently, the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. Send for a free sample bottle and test it. Write to Dept. I. I. W. Stelloll, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 35 High Street, Bristol.

IF YOU HAVE NEVER SMOKED A "MASTA" PI...



You do not know what...

Prices, 1/6 to 42/-, of all Tobacconi... delay, from the "MASTA" PATENT P... CO., Dept. 3, 189 Fleet Street, LONDON.

ROBERTS' MARCH TO PRETORIA

On Sale Everywhere, PRICE ONE PENNY.

£100 IN PRIZES, THE GREAT WAR SKILL PUZZL...

This War Game is of immense educational value. A boon companion to all Railway Travellers. Enormous sales all over the United Kingdom. Get one at once.

THE CRAZE OF THE HOUR!

FIRST PRIZE, £20; SECOND PRIZE, £10; THIRD PRIZE, £5; Next Five Prizes, £1 ... solutions; and 100 Consolation Prizes among competitors who are next nearly correct in Marc...

This ingenious and fascinating puzzle consists of a Cardboard Map of South Africa, with a Metal Ring to Traverse the Route of ROBERTS' MARCH TO PRETORIA. Find the names in proper or... through which the route passes. Return marked card with list. No limit to number of tries. This war game is of immense educational value. Competition open for a few weeks only. Further particulars announced ... week. The Puzzles are now on sale at all Newsagents. £10 will be awarded to the retail Newsagent who sells the largest number before the close of the Competition. All Communications and Trade Orders to be ad...

WAR PUZZLE PUBLISHING OFFICES, 295 STRAND, LONDO...

For War News and Pictures get "PEARSON'S ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS." The Thursday War Paper, One Penny.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE. TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling and Football Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, Jan. 26th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, Feb. 3rd, 1900. For full particulars see page 504.

No. 498.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY

The Man Behind the Boulder.

This poem is written by a Chicago gentleman. It is printed to show the American view of the war.

BRITAIN'S heart is sad to-day
O'er her army's brief reverses,
Bloodier still must be the fray
Ere the cloud of war disperses.
Her defeats are no disgrace—
Let the world forbear to scold her,
For it knows she's face to face
With the man behind the boulder.

Take a soldier brave and true
On the open plain advancing,
With his foe concealed from view
Save the eyes of fury glancing.
When they aim the deadly gun
It would seem to a beholder
That the odds are ten to one
On the man behind the boulder.

Six feet odd of British height,
And the Boer as many inches,
What avails the soldier's might
When his foes avoid the clinches?
Let them meet him hand to hand,
Nor by skulking foes surrounded:
And what power on earth can stand
When the British charge is sounded!

Jingo writers shriek for gore
In their editorial columns,
But experience teaches more
Than their theoretic volumes;
And their little minds might change,
And their fiery souls grow colder,
If they stood in easy range
Of the man behind the boulder.

Sticking to Orders too Closely.

A CERTAIN captain of Hussars, who shall be nameless, having been ordered on foreign service, gave a farewell dinner to his squadron. Addressing the men before they commenced to eat, he said:

"Now, lads, treat this dinner as you would the enemy."

After dinner he discovered Private Jones stowing several bottles of champagne away in a bag. Highly incensed, the captain asked him what he meant by such conduct.

"Why, sir," said Jones, "I'm only obeying orders."

"Obeying orders!" roared the captain.

"Yes, sir," answered Jones. "You told us to treat the dinner like an enemy, and you know, sir, when we meet an enemy, those we don't kill we take prisoners."

Settling Down to Their Habits.

ONE of those "English muffs, ye kno'," went over to "the States" the other day from London. He took lodgings at an inn in a small village, which shall be nameless. He had dinner; and among those who sat at the table with him was the waiting-maid, whom he designated as "servant"; but he received an indignant correction from the landlord.

"We call our servants, sir, 'helps.' They air not oppressed; they air not Russian scurfs."

"All right," said the Britisher, "I shall remember."

And he did; for in the morning he awoke the whole house by calling out at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag:

"Help! help! Water! water!"

In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," he said; "but I don't want so much water, ye kno'; I only want enough to shave with."

"Shave with!" said the landlord; "what did you mean by calling 'Help! Water!'? We thought the house was a-fire."

"You told me to call the servant 'Help,' and I did. Did you think I would cry 'Water!' when I meant fire?"

The explanation, it would seem, was satisfactory.

All rights reserved.]

HE: "You have stolen my heart."

She: "That's a nice thing to say after you have been begging me for six weeks to accept it."

"PA," said the small boy, his eyes looking longingly at the new mechanical top, "you've showed me how to work it now for an hour. Let me try."

"How's your wife, Blinks?"

"Her head troubles her a good deal."

"Neuralgia?"

"No; she wants a new hat!"

"I WONDER what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"

"Of course not. It's the jaw-bone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"

YOUNG MOTHER: "Horrors! Here's an account in the paper of a woman who sold her baby for tenpence!"

Young Father (wearily): "Perhaps it was teething."

WOULD-BE TENANT: "I like the house very much, but I hear that it is haunted."

Landlord (rubbing his hands and smiling): "My dear madam, I attend to that personally. The ghosts only appear to tenants who do not pay their rent and refuse to move out."

WAR PICTURES

The Story of the War told in Pictures.

WAR PICTURES

will contain the work of some FIFTY WAR ARTISTS.

WAR PICTURES

will contain Drawings and Photos procured at enormous expense by the Special Artists of

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
THE GRAPHIC
THE SKETCH
ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS
PEARSON'S MAGAZINE
THE ROYAL MAGAZINE
THE SPHERE
THE SPEAR
THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS
THE BRITISH MUTOSCOPE AND BIOGRAPH CO.
LESLIE'S WEEKLY } The "Graphics" of America.
COLLIER'S WEEKLY }

WAR PICTURES

will interest you as no other paper does.

The FIRST NUMBER will appear on Wednesday morning, **FEBRUARY 7th.**

2d. WEEKLY. 2d.

Do not fail to give an order to your Newsagent to-day.

ORDER IT!!!

Each weekly part will contain fifty or more pictures, secured at a cost of many hundreds of pounds.

Trying to Get V.C.'s.

DURING the Chitral expedition a man was getting up a ladder to get into the fort. The fire from the enemy was very hot, when an officer rushed up to him and told him to come down, as he wanted to get the V.C. The soldier came down, the officer went up, but was soon killed by the bullets of the enemy.

With that the soldier turned round and asked if any more officers would like to get a V.C. before he went up again.

He Blew Pennies.

A QUIET man with a very florid face was in a crowd of loungers at a railway station the other night, and the discussion turned upon swindling the weighing machines, which respectfully request that a penny be put into the slot.

One fellow could do it with a wire pushed into it until it touched the spring which puts the weighing-machinery at work and lets the needle loose. Another made it work by inserting a knife blade, and another put in a piece of lead nicely adjusted as to size and shape. The quiet young man said soberly:

"Why put in anything? Blow into the slot," and, jumping upon the platform, he fastened his mouth over the slot and puffing out his cheeks threw a small cyclone into the works.

Sure enough the machine worked, and the needle registered his weight at ten stone.

"Well I declare," said one man.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said another.

"Try it," said the young man, "it's easy."

So they all tried it; puffed and blew, and distended their cheeks until every one of them was tired; but it didn't work.

"Blow harder."

They all blew until exhausted, and still the needle never budged.

"That's funny," and the young man stepped up, blew into the hole, and it again worked nicely.

"Why can't we do it?"

"Oh, you forgot to put a penny in your mouth first."

Occupying His Spare Time.

THE owner of the "Half-Way" public-house was a thrifty little man, and didn't believe in paying for more than he got in return for his hard-earned cash.

It was after an undue amount of consideration that he decided to advertise for a manservant, for the duties of the roadside inn were so numerous, and business was so brisk that it was beyond the capabilities of any one man to attend to them all with the care and attention that the landlord held was necessary.

In answer to a short and inexpensive advertisement in the local press, one smart-witted young man applied, and from the mouth of the worthy landlord learnt that his duties would be something after this style:

"I shall want you to get up at five every morning and wash down the front. After that, you must clean the windows and the brasswork, and attend to the fires. There won't be much sweeping to do, but you'll have to wash up the glasses. Before breakfast, there will be the poultry to feed, and the stable to clean out, and perhaps the missus will want you to go a few errands. After breakfast, I shall want you to look after the bar for an hour or two, then you must get the pony and trap out and act as coachman if I want to go for a drive. You will, of course, keep the pony and trap clean, and in your spare time before dinner you can dig up the garden, pull the weeds up, water the plants, and generally look after it. From dinner time——"

"May I ask what soil you have in the garden?" interrupted the applicant.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter," replied the landlord, "but, if you are interested, it is clay, sir, clay!"

"I was wondering if it was clay, because, if it was, I thought I might be able to make a few bricks in my spare time," and he disappeared from the "Half-Way House."

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901.

IF IT'S IN P.W. IT'S SO.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE RED CROSS NURSE:

A TALE OF MAJUBA HILL.

By KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN.

A BRIGHT-LOOKING girl, whose nurse's cap framed a frank English face, came hurriedly into one of the wards of the Charing Cross Hospital.

"Nurse Gray," she said, "you are wanted in the emergency room—a street accident."

Nurse Gray straightened from her stooping posture over the bed. Then she drew the sheet softly over the face of the man who was lying so quietly there.

"Dead?" asked the bright-faced girl, peering over her companion's shoulder.

"Dead," answered Nurse Gray in a colourless voice.

"Poor fellow," said the little nurse.

"Not poor any more," said Nurse Gray. "I am glad he is at rest. It was an awful case. A street accident, did you say?" She walked quickly out of the ward.

Downstairs, in the room set apart for emergency cases, she found two doctors working over the insensible figure of a man, which was stretched out on the operating table. One of them called to her hurriedly for basin, sponges, and the instruments necessary for the occasion, and presently she was working steadily with her quick hand and alert eye—the best of the younger nurses in the great hospital.

The man lying there had been knocked down by a hansom and tumbled directly under a big dray which was coming up a side street. He had suffered some damage from the horses' feet and the wheels before he was extricated and carried to the hospital. To this the doctors were attending.

"A couple of stiff scalp wounds and a broken rib or two," said the house surgeon, as he finished his examination. "Better have him moved into one of the private wards for a day or so, at least till we find out who he is. Looks to be a gentleman—a bit of a swell, too," he added in a lower voice to his companion. "You had better take charge of this case, Nurse," he continued, as he rang the bell for the male attendants, who appeared presently and lifted the wounded but now conscious man to the litter. "Let me know when he is in bed and I'll come up."

An hour or so later Nurse Gray stood beside the bed of the sick man looking down at his face very much as she had looked at that of the dead man a little while before. It was a very good-looking, though hardly handsome face, being too strong in its curves to come under the ban of masculine beauty. Passion spoke upon it, even in its sick tranquillity, and great will, and some temper—the face of a strong character. His frame, though he was quite a young man, gave promise, half fulfilled, of extreme power.

His hair was dark and crisp. It had been cut from about the wounds on the back and sides of his head, but it grew thick and straight about his temples. Some spirit of courage and daring spoke in all the length of goodly manhood that was lying there loose-limbed, inert. It appealed strangely to the quiet nurse. His name was David Kenneth, Captain in Her Majesty's Light Horse; this much they had discovered from some envelopes in his pocket. His mother, Lady Kenneth, had been sent for and was expected every moment.

Presently she came—a tall and aristocratic woman, who had been lovely in her youth and bore a gentle beauty still. Just now a horrified and heartbroken woman. Her only son knocked down in the streets in broad daylight like that. What would Sir William say? She must have him home directly. What did the nurse think? Where were the doctors? She would consult the family physician at once. All this in agitated whispers. Nurse Gray calmed her by saying that perfect quiet had been ordered, and that if Lady Kenneth would sit down she, the nurse, would notify one of the house surgeons of her arrival.

But there was to be no going home for Captain Kenneth for some days, so Nurse Gray comforted her ladyship as well as she could, and assured her that she would take faithful care of her son. When he was able to be moved to his own home Lady Kenneth stipulated that Nurse Gray was to accompany him, and it was then that the Fates began to interest themselves in this young woman.

Joan Gray was not a beautiful person, but she was tall and slender, and had tender gray eyes, and soft dark hair, and a strong chin. For she came of a strong race—Scotch-Irish—and she had the caution of the one and the tenderness (that is so rich a quality in the true Scottish nature), and she had the poetic feeling and vivid imagination and fearless temperament of the other, with much of its mystic melancholy added. Joan Gray's eyes were of the kind that haunt—deep set, with soft shadows lurking about them, and long, curled, black lashes veiling them. Yes, that in some curious way expressed loneliness, as though the owner of them were in a vague way different from others.

For the rest, her features were irregular, her mouth rather large but good-tempered, her complexion pale, with warm under-tints, and her age twenty-five. In character she was reserved and reticent, given to silence, which is good in woman and tiresome in man. Fear found no place in her dictionary, neither did failure, as is usual with the lexicon of youth.

She fell in love with David Kenneth mainly because propinquity got in its deadly work. She would have been horrified if you had presumed to hint at such a thing, but it was true for all that. Her hand was tenderness itself when she changed the bandages on his dark head, or wiped the heat of the heavy London summer from his forehead. Those deep grey eyes of hers spoke all the love lore of the two peoples from which she sprang, as she bent over this sick soldier and ministered to his needs. As he grew towards convalescence and became restless and impatient with the irritability of one who is growing whole again, she comforted him with readings in her quiet voice from such tender and almost wistful books as "Cranford" and "John Halifax, Gentleman."

He liked to look at her as she sat close by the window reading. The neat grey gown and white apron, crossed over her shoulders, became her immensely, he thought. As did the little white cap, tied in a short bow under her chin—that strong up-turned chin, with its deep fossette, that told of bull-dog pertinacity. Joan Gray, the name suited her—she was all grey—grey eyes, grey gown, grey—no, not hair. What a pity it would be if all that mass of soft dark hair did get grey; but it wouldn't—not for a long time, anyhow.

"Were you ever in love, Nurse?" The question startled the girl out of all composure. Her face crimsoned. Her great sad eyes took a frightened expression strange to them.

"I beg your pardon," said Captain Kenneth, ashamed of himself, and trying by restless movements to divert attention from his miserable daring; "I really didn't mean to be rude, you know. Forgive me, won't you? This lying idle here makes a booby of a chap. Please, say you forgive me."

Nurse Gray made no answer. She was busy measuring out his medicine at her little table. "Drink this," she said a trifle peremptorily; "you are talking too much. It is time for you to go to sleep."

He took the medicine glass from her and drank off its contents as obediently as a child.

"Was I ever in love?" said Nurse Gray, as she stood an hour later looking down on the strong though pallid face of this man who had come into her life to make or mar it. "Of course not—and never will be." But later on, the moon, peering down through a chink in the shutter, saw a girl kiss passionately a lock of short, dark, crisp hair, and then sink on her knees to utter a prayer for the man she loved. And the moon, who has ears as well as eyes, thought she heard his name, but being wise and old, and having heard all the love stories in the world, she retired shaking her horns and thanking the gods who rule moons that never a maid could enter her dominion to play havoc with the solitary bachelor who made his home in her chaste heart.

No, the Man in the Moon was safe as no mortal man can ever be from the wiles of womanhood. But the Man in the Moon found it rather dull.

Captain Kenneth thanked his nurse warmly and gratefully the day she came to say good-bye, and give him over to the charge of his mother and sister. He could never forget her kindness and attention. He would never as long as life lasted forget her. Might he come to see her at the hospital now and then? If it was ever in his power to do her some good would she let him know? She replied quietly that she had but done her duty, that—this with a slight bitterness that for the life of her she could not keep out of her voice—she had been well paid for what she had done, that she did not think that he would care to come to see her (he vehemently protested; whereat she smiled), and that finally if ever she wanted a recommendation——

"Recommendation! Joan!" The name burst from him before he was aware of it. Her surprised and crimson face first told him. He rose from his chair, staggering a little as he sought to steady himself. But her arm was ready, that faithful arm which had so often helped him. He was very weak. He leant his face down against her shoulder for a moment. "I—I can't, Joan," he half-whispered, half-groaned; "I—I love you, girl. I've battled and fought it down, but—oh, Joan! I'm engaged to another woman and that held my lips silent till now—now that you are going from me. Joan—girl—," and then this big man fainted quietly away.

* * * * * *

Five years later a great marriage took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, when David Urquhart Kenneth (Major in the Gordon Highlanders—formerly Captain in Her Majesty's Light Horse) fulfilled his long-standing engagement to the Honourable Alice Hayter Aveline, amid the crash of organ music, and the perfume of myriads of flowers, and the swish of silken skirts. No one noticed the veiled figure of a hospital nurse wrapped about in a long grey cloak—a most unfashionable figure in such a brilliant assemblage—no one but an old lady who sat beside her.

She was not a pretty woman nor a very young one, this nurse, the old lady told her friends afterwards, for once she raised her veil—it was just as the newly-married couple were walking down the aisle to the measure of the marriage hymn, and she saw her white, set, rather worn face—a curious face to see at such a gay wedding surely. She did not know—this garrulous old lady—that the woman who sat beside her was looking for the first time in many years on the face of the man who was all the world to her, while to him she was nothing.

* * * * * *

Many years after all this a land-drost out in South Africa set his foolish finger in the web the Fates were weaving around the life of Joan Gray and the lives of many others. He only seized a waggon—this foolish land-drost—a waggon belonging to one Boer called Bezhuidenot, which wooden vehicle he put up for auction in the square of Potchefstroom one beautiful summer day in November, 1880. The volk kicked the land-drost off the waggon and also kicked him round the town. Then was the match lighted that set the Transvaal aflame. One month after the affair of the waggon, a mass meeting of the Boers at Heidelberg proclaimed the Transvaal once again a republic, and sounded the tocsin of war.

About the end of December—or, more properly, the beginning of January, 1881—a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders was ordered to the front, which meant South Africa. Nurse Gray, hurrying through a dismal London fog back to the hospital from her daily walk, heard the "Speshuls" roaring out the headlines. She bought a paper and devoured its news under the nearest street-lamp. "Troops ordered to the front. Gay Gordons to be in the scrimmage. Transports already chartered. List of officers accompanying the troops." Of course his name was there. Her eye caught it in a moment—Major David Kenneth. What mattered all the others? At that instant the strong pertinacious chin of Nurse Gray began to interfere in her destiny. He was ordered to the front. Her place was at the front too. Who was to prevent her going? She was alone in the world—a woman past her youth, strong, even robust, a head nurse at the very top of her profession, skilled in surgical cases, used to attending the most serious and terrible operations, trained in the nursing of fever cases, and, indeed, to all the ills that torment humanity. She would send in her application for Red Cross work at once, she told herself as she pushed through the human river that ever surges towards the Strand and the City.

Solitary as she was, she was not without friends. Her Irish mother had been related to Lord Roberts—"Bobs," as the people fondly called him. She would write to him. He would, he must help her. She would go—would go—would go. The dominant chin was standing well to her now.

On January 10th, 1881, three transports set sail from Woolwich, carrying less than a thousand troops and about seven hundred horses, bound for the Transvaal, and incidentally carrying also a band of four Red Cross sisters, among whom was Joan Gray, formerly a head nurse at Charing Cross Hospital, London. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, bade the troops farewell, telling them at the same time that "it was the wish of the Queen that the soldiers should make a mild use of their victories in South Africa." They cheered, promised, and sailed.

Somewhere about January 31st the transports reached their destination, and, disembarking, were moved as rapidly as possible to the relief of Sir George Colley. They were held, however, at Pietermaritzburg to await the coming of other reinforcements. The four Red Cross nurses with the medical staff were, by order of the sergeant-major, sent on under a convoy towards Laing's Nek, where it was known Sir George Colley then was. Thus, by February 23rd the little detachment found itself nearing the spot where Colley was struggling bravely to make head against the Boers, who were already drunk with their victory over Anstruther at Bronkhorst Spruit.

Nurse Gray, going about her duties that evening, heard someone say that Kenneth, of the Gordons, had been attached to Colley's staff, and was with him now at Laing's Nek. Her heart gave a great bound. She was near him at last. All her immense world—that of the needy and sick and sore—was from this moment forward filled by the figure of one man. Self-contained, reserved, and apparently cold, this woman had made few friends, and had permitted but one man's love to enter her life. Her whole soul had long ago been absorbed by David Kenneth—a man who had never kissed nor caressed her, whose ebullition of love for her had been so transient—so weak a thing that it had died in the very moment of its birth.

Joan Gray was now forty years old; but, never having been a beauty, she had not suffered as much at the hands of time as a handsomer woman would have done. Her splendid grey eyes were brighter and deeper than ever, her chin just as dominant. The warm tints had faded from her cheeks, which were lined and a trifle worn. And her hair was grey, all grey now; name, and gown, and eyes, and hair—and grey, grey life.

On the evening of Friday, February 25th, the medical contingent reached Sir George Colley's camp at Mount Prospect, just below Laing's Nek, beyond which on the veld lay the camps of the Boers. That night the Red Cross sisters were busy preparing lint and bandages and first aid for the wounded, for in the morning it was expected that a sortie would be made, the result of which, judging from the ill-luck that had attended previous encounters, would give the devoted women plenty of work to do.

The hospital camp was pitched in a sheltered spot in the rear, and above it waved the sign of mercy—a large red cross on a white field. Few in the camp slept that night—men and women were too terribly strung to the tension of the moment to make any deliberate attempt to seek a rest that might fail to come. Almost till the dawn the surgeons and nurses worked—none more vigorously than Nurse Gray. Dawn—the sun leaping above the horizon, already caparisoned for his splendid ride above the blue African skies. No stealing of the god of day across the world's rim in pale though rosy splendour. Day breaks at once in South Africa as quickly as night descends, when the light shows faint traces of failing. There was no sortie that morning. Sir George Colley had decided to wait for the night; then he would steal across to Majuba Hill, a square precipitous peak on the Drakensberg range, which overlooked the Boers' laager, beyond Laing's Nek, and pot a few of those Dutch farmers. That day Colley sent word that he was coming with his staff to inspect the hospital-tent and the medical arrangements. Prompt to the hour he arrived, attended by Major Kenneth and Captain Davis, but almost as they entered a summons came that called them back to headquarters. But Joan Gray had seen David. He, too, had grown old, and the crisp straight hair about his temples was no longer dark. What a splendid man he was! All the promise of his youth had been more than fulfilled. David Urquhart Kenneth was talked of as the finest man in the British Army.

That night, Saturday, February 6th, Sir George Colley with a small force moved out of camp at Mount Prospect and occupied the Majuba Hill. Early next morning the Boers attacked the hill, and, under cover of some desultory firing, three Boer storming parties began the ascent almost unseen. Later a fugitive, wounded, almost dying, crawled into the hospital camp. "It's all over," he said, gasping the words out. "The General's killed, and more than half the officers are shot. The Boers stormed the hill; it's all over."

"More than half the officers are shot." These words reached the brain of Joan Gray and stayed there. For the first time in her life she deserted her post. When the wounded began to come in, the others missed her, and made a little search, but there was too much to do to spend the precious time looking for anybody. Nurses and doctors had more to do than they could manage.

The light was failing as Joan Gray went toiling wearily

All the best news—when there is any about the war—in the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS. Anyway, there is a great deal each week that you cannot afford to miss.

up the precipitous sides of Majuba Mountain. There is scarcely any twilight in South Africa, but the nights are so radiant and beautiful that they exceed in clarity any twilight or evening light. Joan crept up cautiously, now stopping to hide behind the mimosa bushes, now resting a moment under the shoulder of a grey boulder. She had walked all the afternoon guided by cries and shots, and the booming of the big guns that were covering the flight of the British. These had ceased now, but she knew from a fugitive soldier, who was hiding in a bunch of mimosa bush, that she was on the right path.

"Gord bless you, sister," the man had said; "there's many a poro chap up there as'll be glad to see you."

The man's blessing seemed to fall about her like a sheltering garment. She had her little satchel with her under her grey cloak. If only she can reach him in time. Dear God, if only she can get to him before it is too late! "More than half the officers are shot." The words sang in her brain as she crept steadily on. Her strength and her will of iron stood well to her now. She is gaining the square plateau on the top of the hill. What was that? A faint skirl of bagpipe music came whimpering down the slope. Her heart beat furiously. The gay Gordons! The bonnie Gordons! Again the pipes whistled uncannily; then a shot rang clear and sharp, and the music stopped for ever.

But Joan Gray never stopped on her outward journey, and as the full African moon broke in superb splendour through the clouds the sister reached the spot where the heaped dead lay thickest. On her hands and knees she groped among the slain. Far off some figures were moving, and now and then a shot rang out, and there arose a clamour of voices, but the Red Cross nurse heeded them not. She took off her grey cloak and opened her hospital bag lest some groaning wretch should need her skilful services.

The pallid light of the great moon shone on the faces of the dead, some peaceful, some distorted and strained by the agony of a violent death. Face after face—but never his—and yet "more than half the officers are shot." David, so tall and strong—how could he escape? He must be here—here. Pushing her white cap from her head, the Red Cross sister stood erect, a tall slight figure, under the full wash of the moonlight. It shone on her grey gown, turning it to dull silver; it shone on the vivid cross that glimmered, a blood-red sign, upon her sleeve. It shone, too, into the deep and wonderful eyes that were filled at that moment with silent prayer. The next instant the tall figure staggered slightly, then toppled over and down among the slain that lay that night upon Majuba Hill.

She was not dead. The spent bullet had torn through her shoulder, wounding her, indeed, past all remedy, but leaving life in her yet awhile. The cool night air revived her after a little, and feebly, a failing and dying creature, she resumed her search for the man she loved, and whom she believed to be lying dead beside her. A groan from a wounded soldier near by woke in her the old grand sense of duty. She rallied under that call, and with supreme difficulty twisted her body round till she could reach the little hospital bag in which lay the first aid for the wounded. With her unmaimed hand she took out the roll of bandage and slowly dragged herself over the heap of dead to where the man lay groaning. With one noble effort she feebly tried to bind the lint about his wound.

It was then that the lonely grey eyes closed,

* * * * *

They carried her down into the camp next day when they came to gather home their dead. When the story was told to Major Urquhart Kenneth—who was almost the only officer who had escaped without a scratch—he asked to see the Red Cross Sister who had died at the post of duty. They took him to the tent where she lay in her simple nurse's gown, with some wild flowers of the veld lying loosely in her idle hands. Major Kenneth looked down at her.

"What was her name?" he asked. But when they told him he gave no sign of recognition.

"I think, I think," stammered Sister Dora, "that she used to know you. She said something once that made me think you and she had met long ago."

"No," said David Kenneth, "it must have been someone else. Poor soul! I don't remember her."

"WHAT sense can you see in the game of golf?"

"The sense is displayed by the players in having a boy to carry the big bundle of sticks for them."

"Is your new nursemaid intelligent?"

"Intelligent? We are nowhere; you just ought to hear her rattle off the names of the new germs."

"MAN has a perfect organ of speech."

"Well, so has woman."

"Oh, no, she hasn't. Hers is made without stops."

THERE had been a robbery at the church while the funeral services were in progress, and the suspected person, a stranger who had seemed deeply affected, had got away.

"Can you describe him?" asked the detective.

"Yes," answered the victim. "He was carrying a small alligator bag and shedding large crocodile tears."

A NUMBER of words were given to a class, and the children were to find the definitions and then put the words into correct sentences. The exercise was performed; the first word was "individual," and a child of eleven was called upon for the sentence.

Mary: "Lord Roberts is not an individual."

Teacher: "Why do you say that, Mary?"

Mary: "The dictionary says individual means a single person, and Lord Roberts is married."

A LITTLE STATUE WORTH £10,000.

THIS IMAGE, WHICH HAD A VERY CURIOUS HISTORY, HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM A SACRED SHRINE.

IN pre-Reformation days, the many hundreds of ecclesiastical houses that existed were laden with great wealth, represented in precious metals and stones that decked and bejewelled monastery chapels, particularly those images that adorned the sanctuaries and the body of the churches, such sacred objects being regarded by monks and laity with unbounded reverence.

To understand this extreme reverence and devotion, one must enter into the spirit that animated the people of those days, and which now enlivens the interest and enthusiasm of vast hordes of people living abroad on the Continent and other places, in order to feel the consternation and depression that filled the community of Santiago de Cuba when it became known that their cathedral was recently entered into by thieves, and that their richly bejewelled statue of the Virgin, worth a fortune, was stolen. It is estimated that the gems it wore and the precious metals with which it was decorated were worth at least £10,000.

Nothing has occurred since the recent Hispano-American war to create such widespread interest among the Cubans and the peoples inhabiting that part of the world, as this burglary. No guard was kept over the statue, and it stood in its place unprotected for three centuries, and in such a position that the people could place their valuable gifts upon it.

But the loss of the jewels, great as it is, is felt to be but a slight matter compared with the loss of the statue itself which had wrought many wondrous miracles.

The history is one of romantic interest, and the many stories told of it are of course devoutly believed in by all classes of the community out in those parts.

The following story is vouchsafed for, and its truthfulness is backed up by records, although to the more modern and practical mind of our own hemisphere it seems incredible. Three hundred years ago three little Indian boys were playing about on the banks of the local river at El Cobre. Suddenly before them on the quiet surface of the water appeared a radiance more brilliant than the light of the sun, and within its focus there floated a plank, upon which stood a little image about two feet high, on its face a pensive gentleness, in its eyes a promise.

The boys got into their canoe, which was moored near to where they were playing, and rowed out to the image, and with reverent hands placed it in their own boat. They then saw written on the plank these words:

"I am the Virgin of Charity."

That's the story of the origin of the statue which has recently been stolen. In thousands of Cuban homes may be seen copies of a painting in which the finding of the statue is portrayed. Numerous miracles are credited to the statue.

About two hundred years ago it was removed from its first resting place to another, this time the old parish church of El Cobre. But the removal seemed to have displeased the miracle-working image, for one morning it was missing, and on search being made for it, it was discovered on the summit of the hill, whereon now stands the very cathedral from where the image has lately been stolen.

For nearly three hundred years the halt, the lame and the blind, have pilgrimaged to the shrine of El Cobre, these invalids coming from all parts of the Cuban isles, while some of the very ardent have even come from over the seas, to recite their prayers before the image.

As testifying to this the special chapel which is set apart for the Virgin in the church, is literally crammed with surgical appliances which have been left thereby the infirm as a token and proof of their cure, while their gratification has taken the shape of costly presents by those who could afford them, to the statue, which have never been appropriated by the ecclesiastical authorities, or been put to any other use than that for which the precious ornaments have been intended.

During the recent war out there the Spanish troops, breaking out into disorder, looted the little village of El Cobre and did damage to the church, the more fearless of the soldiery looting even that sanctuary of devotion, but they left the statue, with its wealth of glittering diamonds and rich ornaments, untouched.

Described as it was last seen, it was two feet high and draped with a richly ornamented veil which sprang from a diamond-laden circlet which surmounted the head and fell in folds down to the feet. This veil or cape was literally weighted with all kinds of precious stones and heavy gold ornaments and when surrounded it by lights dazzled the eye. The statue itself stood upon a half-moon incrusted with jewels and which rested on a richly-bejewelled globe that had for its support a stand composed of bars of gold intertwined with layers of silver, all beautifully ornamented.

The whole was framed by a rainbow-like design which enveloped more than two-thirds of the image and composed of pearls, diamonds, and rich gems and ornaments, the latter being cast from the pure precious metals, mostly gold.

A famous Spanish detective has the case in hand, but, meanwhile, the poor Cubans are sorely distressed at the enforced absence of their little "Virgin of Charity and Lady of Cobre."

The Manager's Apology.

A CIRCUS was once going round to some of our towns, and amongst the performers was an elephant that could play the piano. When the time came for this to be done a piano was brought into the ring, and the elephant just after. The elephant sat down on the stool and struck one note.

Immediately afterwards he gave a loud groan, whereupon the manager came up, and addressing the audience, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the elephant has just discovered the tooth of his mother in one of the keys, and is overcome with grief, so I will immediately telegraph for another piano. In the meantime, we will proceed with the other part of the performance."

"OH, well," remarked Missam after his fifteenth unsuccessful shot at the birds. "'Live and let live' is my motto."

SMITH (angrily): "I understand you said my face would stop a motor-car."

Jones: "I certainly never said anything of the kind."

Smith: "Then I must have been misinformed."

Jones: "That's what you have. Instead of stopping at the sight of your face, any reputable motor-car would increase its speed."

£250

. . WILL BE GIVEN . .

TO THE

READER OF "PEARSON'S WEEKLY"

WHO WILL

TELL US THE EXACT DAY

UPON WHICH THE

British Flag will be Officially Hoisted in Pretoria.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

Fill in the accompanying coupon.
Send it in to us as soon as you like.
Send as many coupons as you like.
If two competitors name the exact day the money will go to the one who gives the correct hour of that day. If two or more give the correct day and hour the £250 in full will go to him whose coupon we received bearing the earliest date of sending in. Pretoria time, which is about one hour and a quarter in advance of English time, must be stated.
The Editor's decision must be final, and competitors must only enter on that understanding.
The Editor reserves the right to close this competition at a day's notice.
Address all envelopes to "War Editor," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
We shall take it that competitors mean the year 1900, unless they state otherwise.
This notice and coupon also appears every week in the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS, HOME NOTES, SHORT STORIES, PASTIMES, SUNDAY READER, and the BIG BUDGET.

Pretoria Coupon. P. W.] Feb. 3, 1900.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Day..... Hour..... ....
(Pretoria Time.)

A paper that does not resort to unworthy catchpenny devices and sensational rumours with no foundation, is one that you ought to like—such is the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

4384. Are there any Seeds which Bore their Way into the Ground?

There are some seeds which "literally corkscrew themselves into the ground." The most remarkable instance is, perhaps, that of the Spina pennata, a beautiful South European grass. The actual seed is small, with a sharp point, and stiff short hairs pointing backwards. The top end of the seed is produced into a fine, twisted, corkscrew-like rod, which is followed by a plain cylindrical portion, ending in a long delicate feather, the whole being more than a foot in length. Owing to this feather, the seed falls to the earth point downwards, and sticks in the ground. But even if the seed should settle on its side, damp, by acting on the hairs attached to it, causes it to rise up till its point is downward. If a shower comes on, or dew falls, the spiral unwinds, elongating itself upward. Being covered, like the seed, with backward-pointing hairs, it usually presses against some blade of grass or other obstacle, with the result that the seed is pressed into the ground. On the spiral becoming dry again, it curls up, and the seed is not drawn out of the ground, owing to its backward pointing hairs, but the spiral and the feather are easily drawn down. On the return of damp the spiral again unwinds, and acting as before drives the seed still further down, until at last it is quite buried.

4385. On which Gem did the Government of this Country Spend the Largest Amount of Money?

On the Koh-i-noor diamond, found in the mines of Golconda in 1550. It is difficult to say precisely what it has cost, as its surrender to the Queen formed part of the treaty connected with the abdication of Dhuleep Singh, the last Rajah of the Punjab, in 1849, but there is no doubt that a very large proportion of the annuity of £40,000 which was granted to the deposed ruler represented part of the price paid for it, and he lived for many years afterwards in the enjoyment of this enormous allowance. We must also take into account the costly war which led up to this surrender. Its present value is computed to be between two and three millions sterling. In 1872 the Castellani collection of gems and precious metal work was purchased for a lump sum of £52,000 for the British Museum, and the total expenditure on its behalf of similar objects since its foundation in 1753 is now considerably over one million sterling.

4387. In which Country has the Jewish Race Most Influence?

Financially, the Jews are probably strongest in Austria, not only because of the monetary embarrassments of the Dual Monarchy, but owing to the social position to which their leading members have attained since 1793, when the Austrian Government stirred Christendom to its depths by creating Joseph Michael Arnstein the first Jewish Baron. Politically, it is probable the Jews are stronger in France than in any other country, having there the full rights which are denied to them in Portugal, Roumania, Russia, and Spain, backed by that control of the Bourse which has so much influence across the Channel. Morocco is another country where they are as much in evidence as the archaic institutions there permit. In the United Kingdom they are undoubtedly strong, but not unduly so in proportion to their number, whilst with us they take their full share of the responsibilities of citizenship, as is evidenced by the fact, given in the last issue of the "Jewish Year Book," that 750 of them are serving in the Army, and forty-six in the Navy, of whom ninety-one are officers.

4386. Which is the Most Complicated Arithmetical Process yet Performed by a Calculating Machine?

Babbage's Calculating Machine, which was adopted by Government in 1821, was capable of computing any table by the aid of differences, and of extracting the roots of equations and printing its own results, but its complexity prevented it from coming into general use, and when grants from Government were discontinued it was put aside. The machine used in the Census Bureau at Washington is one of the most marvellous mechanical calculators ever contrived. By the use of a system of perforated cards, it tabulates and records the returns with which the office has to deal with absolute certainty, and with a speed which could not otherwise be reached, save by the employment of a very large clerical staff.

4389. When did an English Theatrical Company first Visit America?

It is commonly stated that William Hallam was the first to send over an English theatrical company to America. The date of this was 1752, but according to T. A. Brown's voluminous records, entitled "The Theatre in America," a company of English actors crossed over to New York in the winter of 1749, and remained there acting for a considerable time. Brown gives the names of the members of the company, viz., Messrs Smith, Daniels, Douglas, Kershaw and Morris, and their wives, and Miss Hamilton, who took the leading female parts. The first regular theatrical company of any sort in the United States is believed to have been one which played in New York in 1732.

4390. What Remarkable Prediction of One of the Greatest Military Disasters of Modern British History became Literally Fulfilled?

That of the terrible retreat of the British from Cabul, in which an entire army and a multitude of followers were annihilated. Within the fort of Jellalabad, itself at the same time closely beseiged, was Colonel Dennie, whose name stands out untarnished amid the mismanagement and blundering of the time, and who lost his own life in leading a brilliant sortie some time later. This officer had repeatedly declared his conviction that to a man the army would be destroyed. His exact words are said to have been: "You'll see; not a soul will escape, except one man, and he will come to tell us that the rest are destroyed." One day a sentry looking over the Cabul road, saw a solitary horseman riding slowly towards the fort, and as everyone hastened up, the voice of Dennie was heard exclaiming: "Did I not say so? Here comes the messenger!" It was all too true. The one wayfarer was Dr. Bryden, the sole survivor, with the exception of a few of the women and children who had been taken under the protection of an Afghan chief, of the 16,000 all told who had set out on that fatal march from Cabul.

4391. Has Great Britain Gained or Lost on the Whole by Submitting International Disputes to Arbitration?

Four cases stand out prominently: Alabama (1872), Delagoa Bay (1875), Behring Sea (1893), and Venezuela (1899). The first and two last of these disputes might easily have led to terrible wars; but apart from the question of the cost of even the most successful war, it is certain that this country has been on the whole a loser in submitting to arbitration. In the case of the *Alabama* when the award went against us, Sir Henry Maine laments "a precedent likely to exercise serious influence on the whole Law of Nations, . . . one dangerous as well as reactionary and retrogressive." In the case of Delagoa Bay, a point of peculiar interest at the present day, the decision of Marshal MacMahon, in favour of Portugal's claim, was grounded upon a doubtful corollary to the doctrine of "settlement," for he held that a temporary lapse of control over territory will not necessarily invalidate a claim based upon a long-continued prior authority. In the Behring Sea Arbitration the decision of the tribunal at Paris was entirely in favour of Great Britain against the untenable claims of the United States as to authority over a large tract of open sea; but Great Britain surrendered her rights, and an agreement was arrived at between the disputing nations as to the seal fisheries. In the case of Venezuela the Court of Arbitration at Paris recently gave their award against us, although our title appeared good by ordinary rules of international law. Great Britain, therefore, has been a loser in all important arbitrations, not through defect in her claims, but through conditions and doctines which were unrecognised when the causes of dispute arose.

4392. Have the Transvaal Boers ever Before Made a Raid into British Territory?

In part of Bechuanaland, a large tract of country lying between the Transvaal and the Kalahari Desert, there existed in 1884 a British Protectorate. In spite of this, some Boer filibusters made a raid into the country, and seized a large, fertile and well-cultivated region, lying to the south of the Molopo River. They drove the natives away, and killed two Englishmen who were with Montsoia, one of the "protected" chiefs of that part of the country. The Transvaal Government approved, by proclamation, of this raid, but on a protest from the British Government withdrew their approval. On the raiders refusing to leave, the British Government sent a force of 4,000 men, under Sir Charles Warren, with instructions to remove the filibusters from Bechuanaland, reinstate the natives, and hold the country till its further destination was known. These instructions were successfully carried out, and order was restored. On September 30th, 1885, the Colony of British Bechuanaland was constituted; Vryburg and Mafeking are within its borders.

4393. At which Period did the Military Power of Britain Seem Most in Jeopardy?

During the latter portion of the American War of Independence. Until 1777 it was generally thought that England would easily dominate the Colonists, but this year brought with it the surrender of the British under Burgoyne at Saratoga, and this event was the turning point of the war. France, quickly followed by Spain and Holland, now joined arms against Britain, carrying on harassing attacks upon our Colonies, and the three Powers from 1779 to 1782 made their combined attack upon Gibraltar. Meantime General Washington had proved so formidable that the English in 1778 were forced to evacuate Philadelphia. In 1780 Cornwallis was instructed to proceed from New York to Charleston, to secure, if possible, the Southern States. He was, however, hemmed in at York Town, and, as the English fleet were not at hand to support him, was forced to surrender. This great disaster brought the land fighting to a close, negotiations for peace were entered into, and England recognised the independence of the United States in 1782.

4396. Why is the Military Profession still Regarded as the Most Aristocratic?

In olden days the Army and the Church were the only callings that could in any way be considered aristocratic, for they claimed almost a monopoly of physical and mental power. Times have changed, but the powers that decide what is and what is not aristocratic are intensely conservative, and they still uphold the claims of the Army to distinction of this sort. The soldier, as attached by service to his sovereign, the recognised head of the aristocracy, is an acknowledged supporter and member of that class. The military element represents the physical force of the country, to which in any extremity the final appeal must be made, and so its officers are a part of the ruling power, which is assumed to be aristocratic. The soldier, too, draws his income directly from the State, and is not compelled to seek the favour of the general public, as members of other professions must; he is independent of all popular influence and pressure, and so stands high in social rank and esteem. We are at this moment having practical proof of a spirit which has long prevailed, and is indeed a cherished tradition that does not die. Members of our oldest and noblest families are pressing forward in the cause of Queen and country, true to the good old motto "*noblesse oblige*."

QUESTIONS.

4921. Which British watering-place possesses the greatest variety of scenery?
4922. Which historical personage affords the best illustration of the proverb that "there is no fool like an old fool"?
4923. Which law is found in the same form in the greatest number of countries?
4924. What is the cruellest weapon that has ever been used in warfare by a civilised nation?
4925. What colony has Britain experienced most difficulty in conquering?
4926. Would it tend to diminish loss of life if soldiers were armed with swords instead of firearms?
4927. Was there any battle in which the British gained a complete victory without losing a single man?
4928. When were trousers first ordered to be worn by British infantry?
4929. Who were the "Clothing Colonels" of our army, and when did their office cease?
4930. When, and for what reason, was originated the British plan of attack in hollow square formation?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion

LADY: "Look here. This is the fourth time this morning you have been in here asking for the price of bread."

TRAMP: "Yes. I am the absent-minded beggar, don't ye know."

"COULD you do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons'?" asked the manager of a seedy actor.

"Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many landlords."

MOTHER: "Willie, didn't I say I'd whip you if you put another piece of indiarubber on the stove?"

Willie: "Yes; but 'tain't me this time, ma. It's pa smokin' one of them cigars you gave him."

"OUR wars," said the South American, "have one distinct advantage over the wars that are waged on other parts of the globe."

"What is that?" he was asked.

"When you go to war," he replied, "you make it necessary for some other country to be at war. We don't."

Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

FIDELITY GUARANTEES OF ALL KINDS.

Have you lost money through the dishonesty of an official? or Are you required to find security for any position of trust? } THEN SEND FOR A PROSPECTUS.

EVERYBODY ACCEPTS THE OCEAN'S BOND.

Accident Insurance. Burglary Insurance. Sickness Insurance. Mortgage Insurance. Workmen's Compensation and Employers' Liability Insurance. Indemnity (Third Party) Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: 40 TO 44 MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C. RICHARD J. PAUL. General Manager and Secretary.

A very good way to fix in your mind facts, dates, towns, and other information about this war, is to follow the Picture Puzzle Competition in the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

HOW OUR GASWORKS HELP THE BOERS.

BOER AGENTS ARE TRYING TO GET BYE-PRODUCTS FOR MAKING EXPLOSIVES.

"INFORMATION has been received that agents of the Boer Government are endeavouring to purchase some of the residual products of gas-works. All manufacturers are warned to be cautious as to accepting such offers of purchase coming from any new or unknown quarter, as it may amount to trading with the enemy."

Such was the notice recently issued by the Foreign Office to the daily press, and many were the speculations and rumours concerning it that were circulated among the uninitiated.

From the war now raging in South Africa to the gas-works of our quiet provincial towns seems a far cry, and yet that it is justified and necessary is apparent by the action of the Foreign Office.

The advance of science links together the most unlikely things, and it has established a series of well-marked steps between the present war and our local gas-works.

At least two substances are now produced indirectly from the distillation of coal that would prove of the utmost service to the Boers.

One is extracted from the tar that is formed. When the tar is distilled, at a certain stage in the distillation, an oil "comes over" that is termed in the trade "heavy oil."

This "heavy oil" contains a large percentage of carbolic acid, or phenol as it is called chemically, and it is this phenol that the Boers are probably anxious to obtain.

It is used in the preparation of picric acid. Picric acid is a harmless-looking crystalline yellow substance, used commercially as a yellow dye, especially for silk.

But it is not as harmless as it looks, however, for it is, even alone, a powerful explosive; and when combined with other chemicals, and prepared in certain ways, it forms the fearfully powerful explosives known to the world at large as lyddite, melinite, etc.

Since the tar distillers' "heavy oil" is practically the only source from which phenol can be obtained, and since phenol is absolutely necessary as the starting point of these high power explosives, it will be at once apparent from whence arises the anxiety to prevent the Boers from obtaining any large supplies.

Tar distillers, therefore, beware!

Another gas-works' product that would be useful to the Boers, although in not so direct and militant a manner as the one just named, is cyanide of potassium.

Cyanide of potassium is made now at most of the large and up-to-date gas-works of our country.

The cyanogen from which it is formed exists in the gaseous state in the gas that passes from the retorts, and is extracted by passing the gas through a washer containing certain chemicals having an affinity for cyanogen.

These extract the cyanogen without materially affecting the rest of the gas, and it is from the solution in these "cyanogen washers" that cyanide of potassium is made.

Cyanide of potassium is of no use in actual warfare, but it is extremely valuable from the fact of its importance in gold extraction processes.

Thousands of tons are used annually at the Cape goldfields, and any scarcity of it in the Transvaal would mean working the gold mines at a tremendous disadvantage.

Cyanide of potassium is also a powerful poison, and is really a combination of the deadly "prussic acid" with potassium.

Should the Boers, therefore, in the face of International law endeavour to poison our water supplies, cyanide of potassium is probably the poison they would use.

There are other gas-works' bye products that would in an indirect way be of service to the Boers, but none approaching the importance of the above two.

The "retort carbon" that collects on the retort in the form of "scurf" might be useful in the manufacture of a certain class of powders, and the sulphur that is extracted in the purifiers might be used for the production of "oil of vitriol," which in its turn could be used in the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, but since both carbon and sulphur can be more easily procured from other sources, it is not likely that the Boers will endeavour to purchase either of them in the stronghold of the enemy.

It is, therefore, pretty certain that the residual products referred to in the Foreign Office notice are those from which picric acid, and, therefore, explosives of the lyddite type, can be manufactured, and those from which cyanides for gold extraction can be obtained.

All producers of either, therefore, for the sake of "Queen and country"—be cautious!

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.—First Doctor: "Good radiograph, isn't it?"

Second Doctor: "Fairly good; flatters the left lung a little, I think."

Where is He?

Lives there a man in England now,
Who does not morn and evening vow,
If only this or that were done,
All battles must be surely won?
Where is he?

Who could not set the business straight
Of Generals and Men of State,
And likes to tell what he would do
If folks would but permit him to?
Where is he?

Who does not think of great and small,
Just now alone he knows it all?
And matters need but his fine touch,
If by some chance there be one such,
Oh! where, oh! where,
Oh! where, oh! where,
Where is he?

Had a Good Washing.

SPEAKING of volunteer lady nurses in time of war, a soldier says:

"Some of the nurses are wise, and some foolish; some few careless; most over anxious that their patients should eat, should rouse themselves when lethargic, and sleep when inclined to look about and talk; and all are of opinion that the patient should be constantly bathed with water or scent.

"'Poor fellow!' one lady was heard to say, while tears of compassion stood in her eyes. 'Poor fellow, you are suffering! It will relieve you if I wash your face.'

"The young fellow said nothing until his nurse had sponged his face, and then he turned to the wall with a groan, and muttered:

"'That's the ninth lady as has done it to-day.'"

When Tommy is Tried.

DRUMHEAD courts-martial, although very generally associated by the public mind with war operations, are hardly ever resorted to for whatever little peccadilloes in barracks that might be ascribed to Tommy Atkins; yet, in the field, crime of any kind is practically unknown.

In the present Transvaal operations, a drumhead court-martial has, however, taken place, the prisoners being four Natal Dutchmen, named Oosthensen and Jansen, who were "weighed off," as Tommy calls it, for disloyalty, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and their time will be put in at Pietermaritzburg, though their dreams may be of Pretoria.

A drumhead court-martial differs from every other form of military tribunal in the fact that it is not restricted as to the hours of sitting; in ordinary courts between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon, the proceedings being carried on at any time, provided it shall be manifest that the case is one which requires an immediate example.

"In the days of the Duke," particularly during the Peninsular campaign there were not a few instances of sentences being written upon an upturned drum, in most cases for a flogging, and in others for death.

"WHAT made you think he belongs to the Army?"

"Well, when the clock struck ten, he got up and turned out the gas."

JOHNNY: "Which would you prefer to be descended from—a king, duke, earl, or baronet?"

Tommy: "Oh, I'd sooner be a parachute-jumper, and descend from a balloon."

WE KNOW THOSE SNAP-SHOTS.—Walker: "This is a snap-shot of an express train going at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. It's remarkably life-like."

Jones: "But why does the smoke rise straight up from the engine, instead of extending back over the train in a long line?"

Walker: "Well—er—the picture was taken so quickly it didn't have time to do that, you know."

AN officer who had served in the Egyptian Campaign has a four-year-old boy, who never tires of war stories. "The following story is a little rough on me," said the officer to a friend; "but, if you know a child, you know that he wants a plentiful sprinkling of 'I's,' and nothing told in the third person. So I kept on as he demanded, till one day he looked up in my face and said:

"'Father, couldn't you get anyone to help you to put down the rebellion?'"

P. 495

£250 for "Naming the day."

HOW BRITAIN TAKES HER REVERSES.

And How Other Countries Have Taken Theirs.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

PERHAPS in no other country in the world could a similar succession of military misadventures have occurred to that country's forces in the field as at first occurred to the forces of Great Britain in South Africa, and the same outward calm, the same forbearance be found in both Press and public as exists to-day throughout the length and breadth of the British Islands.

That it redounds to the British nation's credit goes without saying, and it must come as something of a revelation to the present generations of her neighbours.

To them it must almost seem unnatural; the equanimity, the imperturbation, that might almost be mistaken for indifference by a foreigner; the undimmed confidence, and the unshaken resolve, firmly, yet unnoisely expressed, to "see the thing through" at all hazards. And above all, that this should be especially the case in London, at once the nation's metropolis and capital, where perhaps the nature of the disasters are most keenly understood, and most sternly felt.

A six months' resident in London, the writer naturally looked at least for little gatherings at street corners, inevitable open discussions on the tops of 'buses and in railway carriages, persistent reversions to the topic on all sides by all the classes of society a journalist daily comes into contact with; in fact, a dishing up of the subject on all possible occasions, when the talk would teem with much misinformed rhetoric, and a profusion of unthinking abuse for generals and Government alike. But it has not been forthcoming. The Government and the Army were supported in their hours of trial most manfully, and business proceeded as uninterruptedly as though each reverse had been a victory.

The "man in the street" moves on in his regular routine after his regular fashion, just he did before the war, minds his own affairs, and reserves the discussion of his opinion on the conduct of the war until he reaches his own fireside or the little circle at his club, whether it be a sumptuous one in the West-end or a public-house in the East-end, where he discusses the matter coolly, unreservedly, but without any hysteria or any too great disapprobation of the men at the head who are holding the reins.

He may grumble a bit, but his confidence in ultimate success knows no change, and he conducts himself in every way as becomes a true and peaceable citizen.

In the face of this striking object lesson, one turns with a moral to the manner in which other nations have behaved under similar conditions.

We need turn no further back than to the internal disturbances, the turbulence, and the every-day riots that did so much to rob France of her last clinging shreds of dignity during the recent Dreyfus trials, to imagine how that country took the first news of the reverses in 1870, that eventually found their culmination in the downfall of Paris, and put at an end the military prestige of what had at one time been a dominating nation. And if one wants something more material to dwell upon, let them only think on the manner in which Marshal MacMahon and his generals were fired upon and killed in the streets of Paris by a half-mad, cowardly mob, that rioted, pillaged, and robbed under the name of the Commune.

There is certainly quite a contrast between these happenings and what is transpiring in England to-day.

But France is not the only nation that has not known how to properly look upon adversity.

When the Greeks and the Turks were playing their famous game of catch-as-catch-can upon the ancient plains of Thessaly, and the young Crown Prince could lead his men no other way than in an opposite direction from the enemy, the people at home, finding themselves coming out at the little end of the horn, instead of calmly and patriotically saying: "They need more men, we must shoulder arms ourselves and help!" made themselves lamentably ridiculous by trying to mob the King at his palace in Athens, only to remain beneath his balcony long enough to hear a speech from him, and then return to their homes sadder, but wiser men.

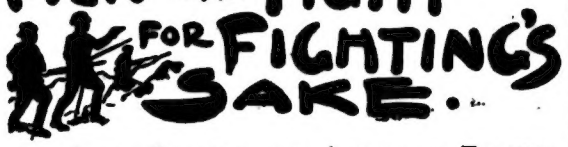
In Cuba, after each reverse the Spaniards suffered at the hands of their American combatants in the late Spanish-American war, the Spanish government and Press deluded itself, and lied to its people, construing even the most crushing defeats into brilliant Spanish victories. Even Dewey's sinking of the Spanish fleet in Manila Harbour was twisted the other way about.

Meanwhile, in the United States, though nothing so petty transpired, there was still much dissatisfaction as to the manner in which the campaign was being conducted, and the Press and the people, even during operations, showed no hesitation in saying straight out what they thought (and perhaps not without some justification) of the general commanding at Santiago (General Shafter) and their sadly-incompetent and much-abused Secretary of War.

Whether this was wise or no, in the face of an object long since successfully accomplished, the writer would rather be excused from saying; but it was different from the manner in which Great Britain behaved under similar circumstances. But the Americans were not facing reverses, when things might have been different.

The illustrations in the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS are always interesting. Get it this week. Fine number.

MEN WHO FIGHT FOR FIGHTING'S SAKE.



ALL ABOUT SOLDIERS AND ARMIES OF FORTUNE.

PERHAPS the most astonishing feature in connection with war is this: Everyone admits that as an agency for settling disputes which diplomacy has failed to lessen, it is stupid and brutal, that it disorganises trade, takes from the peaceful pursuit of commerce men whose abilities are of value to the world, and fills the homes of those who are sacrificed with misery unspeakable.

In a word, war is a relic of barbarism, and is a shame to our modern civilisation. Yet it attracts even the most peaceably inclined people as nothing else will do.

Whilst a war is in progress little else but its details are discussed, even when we are not personally interested in the quarrel out of which it arose.

On the combatants its influence is, of course, greater. Men have been known to go temporarily mad after a great victory, and weep like children after a defeat.

The absorbing interest created by war is owing of course in a great measure to the enormous interests at stake. Victory may mean an indemnity, defeat absolute ruin; but this does not explain why soldiers should hail with delight a war in which they stand a good chance of being wounded, if not absolutely killed.

We admit that the dramatic effects of a campaign are very great.

The strategy of war makes constant appeal to that element which is best described as the unexpected, but why the desire to share the dangers?

On the Continent, conscription compels the people to learn the soldier's trade, whether they like it or not. In this country we imagine the Army is regarded as a means of obtaining a livelihood.

But what about those people who love fighting for its own sake? The brave colonials at the Cape are of course fighting for the Empire, but from the relish they display for the work we are sadly afraid

THEY ARE ALL BORN FIGHTERS.

It is well known that the Boer army contains a goodly number of foreigners.

The German contingent may love fighting, but it is safe to say they exact payment for their services.

The Irish doubtless feel that the Boer army affords them an opportunity of gratifying their hatred of this country; but there are others, who, caring nothing for the motives and objects of the struggle, have joined the Boers because their services would not be accepted in the British army.

Although soldiers of fortune have always been plentiful, they are not as numerous to-day as they were a hundred years ago, simply because war has declined.

One of the most remarkable, perhaps, of all the known soldiers of fortune was M. Perrou.

This fire-eater, not finding the life of a petty officer on board a French man-o'-war sufficiently exciting, dropped into the water one night when his vessel was off the coast of Madras. As the distance from the shore was upwards of two miles, he discarded his clothes, and eventually landed naked and penniless.

Making his way through the country, he contrived, by only travelling at night, to reach the Mahratta's army. For a month he fought in the ranks, but at last his valour attracted attention, and he was placed at the head of a regiment, in the command of which he exhibited such remarkable skill that he was installed Chief Military Adviser to his dusky Highness.

Being as fond of money as he was of fighting, his gaze lighted on the office of Treasurer of the Purse. This was unfortunate for the individual filling that post. Perrou waylaid him one night, and, after trying without success to persuade the official to resign,

FORCED HIM TO FIGHT,

and ran him through.

Before two years had elapsed this Soldier of Fortune had amassed wealth to the value of two millions.

But if Perrou was fond of war, Colonel Hanway simply idolised it.

True, it was the fact of having the bailiffs in his house that led to his relinquishing his civil employment, and later, taking service under the Newal Wazier of Oude; but he had always longed for a soldier's life, and Newal Wazier provided him with sufficient fighting to satisfy the bloodthirsty instincts of a dozen lovers of war.

Love of adventure was so firmly implanted in the breast of Colonel Hanway that he actually refused to marry a lady of great beauty and enormous wealth, who moreover, was passionately enamoured of him, because the marriage would be what he called a "hum-drum sort of affair."

The lady he eventually made his wife was the daughter of a rich and powerful noble with whom he was on very bad terms.

After secretly meeting and winning the lady's affection he interviewed her parent, and in a truculent threatening manner demanded her hand. This being refused, he announced his intention of abducting the maiden.

Most men would have shrank from such an enterprise single-handed, for his prospective father-in-law's retainers were not only numerous but well armed. But the task Hanway had set himself was one after his own heart.

One night he entered the grounds and attacked the guards. His aim was deadly, and his skill with the sword so great, that after settling half-a-dozen of his opponents, he stormed the house, bound the unlucky parent hand and foot, burst open the iron-sheathed door of the room in which the lady was confined, carried her off and married her next day.

Hanway also had an eye for the "siller," for he died worth £350,000.

The military ethics of this country offer no encouragement to the Soldier of Fortune. Military adventurers, however, have always been plentiful on the Continent.

The finest fighters in the French army at Fontenoy were Scotsmen.

The Hessians were a famous corps of mercenaries, so were the French Chassieurs Britannique.

The Corsican Rangers were said to be never happier than when fighting, and the Swiss mercenaries who took service all over Europe must have had their warlike instincts strongly developed.

The Greek Light Infantry was composed of men who preferred fighting as a means of obtaining a livelihood, but they never greatly distinguished themselves. In fact, it is said that as fighters they were no better than the German Legion which was recruited in Heligoland for the Crimean War.

They had one opportunity at Alma, but they did not avail themselves of what was called at the time a real good thing, meaning

THE CHARGING OF A BATTERY OF GUNS,

and little was heard of them after.

There are potent reasons why some of the soldiers of fortune fighting with the Boer army should not court public attention. Their position would be precarious if we chose to regard the Transvaal as a vassal state.

Although there is something undeniably picturesque about a soldier of fortune, it must be confessed that the majority of those of the nineteenth century were a sad set of rascals.

There are exceptions of course.

Lord Cochrane did his adventuring on a very imposing scale. He served in the English, the Chilian, the Brazilian navies, and, though he did many things which would have been considered extremely reprehensible in a lesser light, posterity has given him an honoured place in the category.

Hobart Pasha's achievements and services to Turkey have been properly acknowledged by the responsible historian, but the others, for all their picturesqueness, are hardly what we should call, in this prosaic age, respectable.

In fact, if it were not for the hardihood of certain types, the qualities which go to make a soldier of fortune receive so little recognition from a suspicious and censorious world that it is wonderful that the species has not disappeared.

It is safe to say that we should not rate Paul Jones, and Admiral Hawkins, the celebrated

PURVEYOR OF "BLACKBERRIES"

(niggers) as highly as the contemporaries of these two worthies did.

History should certainly not have overlooked General Guyer, an Englishman, who somehow contrived to take part in every battle of the Hungarian revolt. Surely there never was a more desperate fighter than this dauntless man.

On one occasion he and a companion charged a squadron of Russian Dragoons, numbering over forty sabres. They went straight through them, and, instead of getting back by making a detour, simply turned their horses' heads and went right through again, the Russians being too dumfounded to offer a capable resistance.

It is sad to say that the moral character of this courageous man was of the speckly order.

For all that, it is very inspiriting to read of such instances of pure courage after perusing accounts of battles in which the Boers do all their fighting behind boulders.

And now we have a confession to make. One would have thought that, after so long a period of peace, the fighting instinct of our race would have fallen into disuse. But this is not so. From the manner in which the nation has responded to the call of the Government, it seems that Great Britain is as fond of fighting as ever.

GABBER: "You ought to meet Dyer. Awfully clever imitator. He can take off anybody."

Miss Duncan (wearily): "I wish he were here now."

MAUDE (calling to her sister): "I'm going to make some lemonade, Clara. Where is the squeezer?"

Clara (absently): "He hasn't arrived yet, but I'm expecting him any minute."

"I CAN'T believe that this wireless telegraphy is possible."

"Why, of course it is. Hasn't you wife ever let you know right across a crowded room that you were making a silly of yourself?"

THE PAPER THAT WON THE BOERS THEIR LIBERTY.

A SPECIMEN PAGE OF THIS PERIODICAL APPEARS ON THE NEXT PAGE.

THE VOLKSSTEM, a paper published in Pretoria, an exact copy of the front page of which we reproduce, was the original and only paper published in that town—now the seat of Government, though not the capital of the Transvaal—at the time of the annexation, by Sir T. Shepstone, in 1877.

It had come into existence some years prior to that period, in the days of President Kruger, who, feeling that some such production would further the interests of the State over which he presided, as Chief Magistrate, both internally and to the outside world, had induced Messrs. Cellein and Roos to come up from the Cape Colony with their plant and establish this paper.

It was published once a week, every Tuesday, and printed in both English and Dutch, and as the Government Gazette was published in the same office, most of which also appeared in the VOLKSSTEM as advertisement, it became gradually the medium of conveying not only local and foreign matter, but the Government notices to the burghers of the different districts throughout the Transvaal Republic. It was a fairly well-conducted paper, intelligently and unprejudiciously written.

Mr. Roos died in 1876, so, just prior to and at the time of annexation, it was entirely in the hands of Mr. Cellein, a shrewd, clever, and just Afrikander, with an exceedingly well-balanced mind.

The Dutch portion was written very much in the Boer *taal* (language)—something very different from the High Dutch of Holland, and was well circulated all over the country.

Issued thus, from under the eye and arm, as it were, of the President and his Executive, and conveying notices of the different laws issued by them, and put in force by the Volksraad, it became a power in the land.

During the period between Sir T. Shepstone's arrival in Pretoria in January, 1877, and the annexation on the first of April of the same year, the VOLKSSTEM, as the Boer Government organ, did its best to support the existing Government, under President Kruger, and oppose the then threatened annexation. But, when the annexation was actually made, the first edition of the paper contained an able article in which, while regretting the step which had been taken, advised the burghers to accept the situation, and pointed out the advantage that would accrue from a powerful and wealthy Government taking up the reins of office; following up in the same strain through its succeeding editions, till Sir T. Shepstone, like many men who are carried away by sudden success, committed a very serious blunder.

Unfortunately for the VOLKSSTEM—as well as for Sir T. Shepstone—there was a penny paper drawing out its feeble existence in Potchefstroom, edited by three gentlemen who had left Cape Colony, with which there was no extradition treaty, for their country's good, and to avoid the unpleasantness of their having to experience the practical appliance of the law to evildoers.

Sir T. Shepstone's emissaries had found them conveniently pliable to their required wants to give colour to the demand for annexation. Article followed article, pointing out the necessity for immediate annexation, the danger the country ran if this was not at once done, and not only strongly urged that petitions on this point should be circulated, but issued, circulated, and had them signed—some say in most cases by experienced artists in caligraphy. For such dirty work the Government had to pay, so this Potchefstroom paper was brought to Pretoria, christened the TRANSVAAL ADVERTISER, and the Government printing taken away from the VOLKSSTEM, and handed over to it.

Shepstone, on one occasion at a dinner in Government House, had declared that his was an autocratic Government, and that he was the autocrat. As that idea cost him his administratorship and the retrocession of the country, so this one harsh act towards the VOLKSSTEM set the ball rolling which culminated in the Boer rebellion. The ADVERTISER, the new Government paper, had no influence in, let alone outside of, Pretoria. The VOLKSSTEM, as the word implies, "the voice of the people," had all the power, both in the town and throughout the country, and was the only paper read by the Boers. Its writing, both powerful and effective, exposed the Administration, and ultimately led to the administrator's withdrawal.

Times are changed since those days, but with the change the VOLKSSTEM has only gained in its power and influence over the Boers throughout the country. It is no longer the honest sheet it was in the days of Cellein.

After the gold-fields brought money freely into the coffers of the Republican Government, the latter bought the paper from its proprietor, and set up a Government printing establishment.

The VOLKSSTEM itself, is now in the hands of a Hollander, Dr. Engelberg, and is handsomely subsidised, as is the STANDARD AND DIGGERS' NEWS, and other papers.

Dr. Engelberg, the proprietor and editor, is the most rabid pro-Boer in existence, the keenest hater of all, and everything English. The result of such a paper, guided by such a hot-headed Hollander, who is thoroughly imbued that it requires all his bitterness to balance his subsidy, and circulated free to all burghers, can be better imagined than described.

A great many people write in and complain that they cannot get the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS. If you leave your order with your newsagent, you will make sure of it.

De Volksstem

English Edition.

PRICE 3D. PUBLISHED DAILY FOR PRETORIA. PRICE 3D.

Pretoria, South African Republic, Friday, Nov 3, 1899.

NOTICE.

On and after November 1st, owing to the increased rates of Food Stuffs we the undersigned are reluctantly compelled to raise the Price of Board.

Terms as under.
Full £2 10 per week.
Two meals £2 per week.
One meal £1.1 per week.
Casuals 1s per meal

S. R. LEVY, Transvaal Hotel.
S. SCHLOMER, Grand Hotel.
83 6—2 —

WANTED. Woman or young Girl immediately a Mother's help. Apply to Mr. [illegible], Swimming Baths, Vermeulen Street. 5363-2

GEO. FORD begs to inform the Public that he has restarted his business. 5365-3 and.

LADY requires situation as Housekeeper or caretaker of a house. Apply Box 345. 5369-1

The Volksstem

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3

ENGLAND'S CARE OF HER OWN.

The people of Great Britain have always been most careful to impress upon every one concerned that they are always guided by humane principles in their dealings with others. [illegible]

[illegible] place where the refugees wished to go. This is one of the results of the far-seeing British policy which was to set matters right for us in the Transvaal. If this is all that such a policy can accomplish, we may certainly pray to be delivered from its [illegible]. It would certainly reflect far greater credit upon the British authorities were they to devote more attention to their own immediate concerns, instead of meddling with what lies entirely outside their jurisdiction.

Sir Alfred Milner might have employed himself far more profitably in forwarding railway carriages for the removal of those, whom England had placed under his care, than in intercepting ammunition and provisions at Delagoa Bay.

Our Dead General.

THE OBSEQUIES YESTERDAY

A SOLEMN AND TOUCHING FUNCTION.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Yesterday afternoon, at precisely three o'clock, the State carriage of His Honour the President drove to the residence of the late General J. H. M. Kock in [illegible] Street, where a large number of highly placed officials, members of the deceased General's family, and friends had already assembled.

In front of the house there stood a [illegible] eight black horses, led at the bridle by four [illegible] under the [illegible].

[illegible]

IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

[illegible]

THE PALL-BEARERS.

[illegible]

"PRESENT ARMS."

[illegible]

BATTLES UNDER THE BANNER

[illegible]

DEVIL AGAINST CHRIST'S TROOPS.

[illegible]

[illegible] crowd, and especially His Honour the State President for his being present.

Again the artillery thundered over the grave, and everybody turned away slowly upon his homeward way, deeply touched by the impressive ceremony.

The coffin was covered with wreaths from Pretoria, from Johannesburg, and from the whole country.

There were delegates from all over the State present in the cemetery, and there was [illegible] from Natal, the Free State, and the Cape Colony—and even from some in Europe and America—of sympathy to the blow the South African Republic has sustained.

Correspondence.

State Museum, Pretoria,
1 November 1899.

To the Editor of the "Volksstem",
Pretoria.

Sir,

May I ask you to place a few lines at my disposal for the purpose of laying a matter of great importance before your numerous readers. We are now engaged in a war which we all hope will prove to be the turning point in the history of South Africa. At this moment everyone is filled with admiration for the deeds which have been wrought by the small but sturdy Boer nation, and it is only right that we should give expression to our feelings in this respect. I should however be pleased to see that the tangible and visible evidences of the victories which are being gained in the present war were preserved for the benefit of posterity. We all know how stimulating it is, in older lands, to find that the glorious evidences of the deeds of the past are preserved for the inspiration of the present generation, and how the heart of every true lover of his country thrills as he gazes upon the tokens which speak to him of the brave days of old, when De Ruijter, Tromp and others of the old-time heroes held sway. It cannot fail to incite a feeling of patriotism in the breasts of our children when they too, in years to come, can gaze upon the trophies of the terrible struggle which is now taking place, and when they remember that their forefathers were amongst the brave men of old, who [illegible] for their liberties.

We too have our National Museum, and I would suggest that we do all that we possibly can to collect together there, such mementoes of this glorious struggle as may come within our reach. There fall daily into the hands of our forces such things as banners, lances, rifles, cannon, clothing, etc. These things would serve to show to our children at what a terrible cost the freedom of this land had been purchased.

Will no one send us, as trophies, a flag from one of the towns in Natal which have been occupied by our forces, a lance from the fight at Dundee or Elandslaagte, or a sword taken from the enemy at the fields of battle around Ladysmith? Would it not be interesting to be able to point out to our children the weapons with which our brave and wounded men were done to death? I am reliably informed that many of those who have returned from the field of battle have brought with them trophies of the fight. Let these be placed where they can be seen by all as evidences of the victories which have, at the cost of so many precious lives, been gained in this last year of the fast-dying century.

On the completion of the new museum premises, a separate room can be set apart for the preservation of such objects of interest, and in that room the names of the heroes of this struggle can be fittingly recorded, alongside of the spoils of the fight. Thus will a permanent memorial be established which will serve to create a feeling of patriotism in the hearts of generations yet unborn. Let no trifling thing be despised. All will serve to show, against what fearful odds, and in the face of what overwhelming position, the common enemy was overcome, by the brave men who now hold the field against a powerful foe.

We would gladly see trophies from each regiment against which our men now fight in such grim earnest, and nothing would delight us more than to find the space at our disposal too small for the collection.

Let every one help, and we can [illegible]

I have the honour to be
Your Obed. Servant,
Dr. J. W. B. GUNNING,
Director of the State Museum.

NOTES BY AN UITLANDER.

(Continued.)

At seven o'clock on Wednesday night six hundred British troops arrived [illegible] up their residence for the time being in Pretoria. Tennyson's Light Brigade also consisted of six hundred, and the scene at the railway station suggested the following lines:—

THE LATEST SIX HUNDRED

Come, shade of Tennyson,
Give me inspiration,
To sing of these everyone—
Another six hundred.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Noble six hundred.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Noble six hundred.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
All five—six hundred.

Boers to right of them,
Boers to left of them,
Boers at back of them,
Looked on, and wondered.

Is there a man dismayed?
No! there's not one afraid,
Each one a saint and staid,
[illegible]—six hundred.

What a wild charge they made
When the [illegible] was laid,
Laid on the [illegible]—
Hungry six hundred.

[illegible]'s charge is past,
[illegible] the country's [illegible]
[illegible]—
Glorious six hundred.

THE WAR.

INCORRECT REPORTS

WHO DID THE WORK?

[illegible]

[illegible], Wednesday

The "Volksstem" and the "[illegible]" publish incorrect reports. The destroying of the railway with dynamite [illegible] during the fight of the [illegible], and the blowing up of the [illegible] reported to have been done by the [illegible], as well as actions [illegible] such as dangerous positions, was done by the German [illegible]. We even also engaged in yesterday's fight in the first line, along with Fieldcornet [illegible], and went out to the fort, each of us with a charge of dynamite ready to blow up the enemy's mines, and fighting at the same time until the [illegible] order came to give up the position. The enemy's loss must have been great, as the Red Cross flag was hoisted in the fort for nearly an hour. On our side five Boers were wounded.

PARTICULARS OF THE SKIRMISH

THE RHODESIAN BOERS DEFEATED [illegible]

THE KAFFIRS READY TO RISE

SCARCITY OF FOOD AMONGST THE BRITISH

THEIR OFFICERS FAINTHEARTED

Main Laager, [illegible],
October [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] time before the troops in [illegible] must be reduced to [illegible]. The Boers will furnish them with [illegible], and only [illegible] hope to be able to [illegible] the English.

An armoured train has been despatched from [illegible] in order to attempt to [illegible] the line between [illegible] and Mafeking. It has [illegible] on board.

Both the officers and the men are very [illegible]. The English troops seem to be composed of the [illegible] of humanity of all nationalities. [illegible], however, very few Afrikanders amongst them.

Our [illegible] have been brought for [illegible] by mule wagon. Our cannon, which had to be left at [illegible] River owing to the condition of our mules, have now been sent for with a span of animals.

Both the [illegible] animals are to [illegible].

CAPTURE OF POLICE HORSES AND AMMUNITION.

[illegible], Thursday.

The Chief Commandant at [illegible] wires this morning: [illegible] police horses and ammunition have been captured without difficulty.

(From the Editor.)

THE OPPRESSED IRISH

FIGHT UNDER OUR FLAG.

THEY CHOOSE OUR PARTY.

[illegible], Friday.

Two Irishmen belonging to Col [illegible] Corps came to the [illegible] during the fight between the [illegible] and the Free Staters, as [illegible] Irishmen joined [illegible] the burgher forces with their [illegible], and fought against the English.

It is noteworthy that nearly all the soldiers who surrender [illegible] from the Irish regiments.

THE FIGHT AGAIN COMMENCED

NEWS SINCE YESTERDAY

THE RAILWAY DESTROYED

A SPLENDID POSITION

[illegible], Friday, 8.45

Shortly after seven this morning the firing of cannon recommenced. The English [illegible] their chief fire towards the [illegible] gun, but the gunners do not seem to have found the proper range. The British artillery went on each time until they saw the smoke of our [illegible], evidently for the purpose of finding the correct position.

[illegible]

FOUR BRIDGES DESTROYED

SHARP WORK

THE [illegible]

[illegible], Friday.

[illegible]

[illegible] as the whole country is soaked with the heavy rains.

The banks of the rivers are so soaked as to take a man up to his middle in [illegible].

A SHORT FIGHT

THE CANNONS CHOKED.

Elandslaagte, Friday, 10 a.m.

The firing of the cannon has ceased for some time.

WHY WAS THE ATTACK REPULSED?

THE BURGERS HARRASSED FROM THREE SIDES.

Rietfontein, Thursday, aftern.

We have received the following further particulars from Mr. Schutte, who was in charge of the men who on Tuesday last made an attack upon the Bevianns Fort. The enemy had constructed a trench from the fort for a distance of about 400 yards, and at its termination had formed a kind of protection. This place appeared to be deserted, and was stormed by the burgers.

This storming was however premature, and was not carried out by my orders, for there were still a number of burgers engaged in fighting and whom I wished to take round a hill in order that they might assist in the fight, when this was found possible.

At this time a maxim opened fire upon us out of the apparently deserted schans, and another fired from the fort over the first named position. Our men were also fired upon out of the town.

The bullets fell amongst us just like [illegible] which are sown, and it is only owing to the mercy of God that only five of our men were wounded. Under fire from no less than three places the burgers were compelled to retreat, or the attack would have proved most serious in [illegible] of lives.

A FORT CONSTRUCTED UNDER FIRE.

STEADY WORK KEPT UP

Rietfontein, Thursday.

We were out last night in company with Potchefstroom burgers, and have succeeded in constructing a covered fort to protect us from grenades and shells. While we were constructing the fort we were fired upon by the enemy, but the fort remained uninjured. Acting Commandant Kock has personally thanked the men through me for the excellent service rendered. At the commencement the enemy fired four shells upon us and the burgers from Potchefstroom under Field Cornets van Graan, and Douthwaite which nearly had fatal consequences. Fortunately only one man was wounded. This was a burger from the upper Mooi River District, and he lost a finger, and sustained certain slight wounds in the face.

A BURGER WOUNDED.

STILL MORE DYNAMIT MINES.

Main Lager, Rietfontein, Thursday.

Yesterday one of the men of the Marico Commando had an accident with his rifle. He appears to have forgotten that it was loaded and was using it after the fashion of a walking stick, when it exploded and wounded him, though not seriously.

General Cronje is going out this morning with Mr. De Witt in order to explode dynamite mine which has been discovered.

PASSENGERS HELD IN CAPE TOWN.

Johannesburg, Thursday.

Yesterday Mr. de Bruinge arrived here from Europe via Delagoa Bay. His travelling companions were kept back in the English colonies because they were suspected of sympathy with the Transvaal.

THE BOER AS A MARKSMAN

The fact of the King's Royal Rifles having five officers killed (including their Colonel) and six wounded, seems to prove that the Boer as a marksman has still to be reckoned with (remarks the "Witness"). There are good reasons for thinking that the heavy list of casualties among officers was due to the fact that the black belts and facings rendered them more distinguishable than officers of the other regiments. The same remark would also apply to the non-commissioned officers and men.

THE BESTER FAMILY.

The "Natal Mercury" has good authority for stating that the report regarding Miss Bester having been arrested as a spy is utterly unfounded. The statement that Mr. Bester, senr., and his three sons have been arrested is also untrue.

The Biter Bitten.

We have had some experience of late as to the effects of withholding correspondence, and have learned to appreciate as some of us never did before the advantages of a regular postal system. The tables have in part been turned, inasmuch as the authorities at the local Post Office have come into possession of a mail destined for Natal, more particularly for the northern districts around Dundee etc. This mail contains most of the Natal papers of last month, as well as many European papers of a later date than any which have arrived here. There are also a very large quantity of letters written from people in Dundee and the neighbourhood, and addressed to friends in Europe and elsewhere. These are at the present moment affording some very interesting reading to those who are acting the part of censors for the Post Office.

There are large batches of Government documents which were on their way to the authorities at Maritzburg. From these interesting revelations are expected. It is curious to note that the Boers are in almost every instance spoken of as being in a state of rebellion, we presume against Her Britannic Majesty.

Another curious feature of the capture is that several bags of letters which had been made up in Pretoria, and had later on been captured by the Natal authorities, and addressed to the "Dead Letter Office" in P'Mburg, have again found their way to the local Post Office.

The number of newspapers which have been captured filled two large mail bags completely. These have been handed over to the State Library, where they will be carefully gone through, and such as are of historical value will be preserved, whilst some will be made use of by the newspapers here, and the rest will be sent to the hospitals for the sick and wounded at the front.

There are several copies of a Proclamation from Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, the Governor of Natal, forbidding the Boer population in particular from assisting the rebels across the border.

One packet which was opened contained a photo of a baby on the back of which a [illegible] appeared that it was intended "for Dear Uncle Bob," and described "Our baby, only three months old. We send this because it will probably be the last chance we shall have of getting it through to you." Dear Uncle Bob will miss the sight of his niece [illegible].

We are given to understand that the letters when they have been [illegible] will be retained until an opportunity occurs of returning them to Maritzburg.

We hope such another haul may speedily come to hand, so as to keep us to some extent in touch with the outside world.

Local and General.

The officers, who have just arrived from Ladysmith, have been quartered in the Model School in Van der Walt Street, and are being guarded by men specially commandeered for the purpose.

It is reported that General Buller has advised General White to fall back upon Maritzburg. This will perhaps prove to be easier said than done.

DIAMOND OUTPUT.

Bloemfontein, Thursday

During the month of October [illegible] carats of diamonds were registered at Jagersfontein, valued at £16,[illegible]. The Landdrost of Koffiefontein registered [illegible] carats, valued at £[illegible].

Our Prisoners.

Some of the inhabitants of Pretoria have been disturbed on account of the large number of prisoners now quartered in the town. We can assure such people that there is no need for alarm, as in addition to a very strong guard, other arrangements have been made which render it impossible for any of these men to escape. As regards the treatment of the prisoners themselves, we may say that it is such as is to be expected from a Christian nation, and though the method of treatment to which our men are being subjected is not such as we could wish for them that is no reason why we should also act in any inhuman manner.

We are only "Barbarous Boers".

After the officers had been lodged yesterday in the State Modelschool, it appears that the guarding of the premises by a few men was not all that could be wished. One of the newsboys with the energy and smartness characteristic of his class succeeded in selling a few copies of the Volksstem to them. We guarantee that the contents will do the readers no harm.

The prisoners were however constantly lolling over the gate watching the passers by. This has been put a stop to, and passengers are not now allowed to walk on the footpath on the side of the street abutting on the Model School.

Advocate Beatty brought a solitary prisoner in this morning, and not knowing what to do with him, he walked him about for some time and getting tired of the duty he took him to the stoep of the Transvaal Hotel, and sat there until it was pointed out to him that his prisoner could be better cared for in the Racecourse. The Advocate then stepped alongside his prisoner in that direction.

[illegible]

N.Z.A.S.M. Loop der Personentreinen vanaf 27 October 1899.

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

VOOR DE THUIS BLIJVENDEN

Ongezift meel 35s. Bloem van meel 20s. Geschilde perziken 6d per lb Aardappelen 10s 15s 20s per mud Mielies, enz. Gekerfde Tabak 6d per lb, Droge Boonen 3d per lb. President Kruger Borstspelden 2s. 6d. Henri Martini Patroonbanden 10s 6d Rauw Koffie, beste kwaliteit 8d. Draadpalen voor brandhout 3d per stuk. Eieren 1s 6d doz.

IZAAK HAARHOFF.

PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR.

A Methuen Rhyme.

THOUGH the wires are very silent about Lord Methuen just now, he is not the man to sit still. He is known throughout the service for his extraordinary energy. The opinion of the rank and file of his love of work is recorded in a doggerel verse, composed by the poet of one of the Guards' battalions. It runs thus:

Something done, something doing,
Major-General Lord Meth-ew-ing.

Might Have Helped White.

A DUBLIN correspondent tells us that an Irish rebel joyfully announced the result of the battle of Magersfontein in the following graphic geographical terms:—"Lord Methuen and all his staff have been exterminated at the Modder River, and have fallen back on Colenso." Truly a remarkable cross-country performance. The exterminated force might almost have relieved Ladysmith on their way.

Determined Not To Be Left Behind.

A STRIKING illustration of the spirit animating our men is afforded by a recent incident. The wounded of a certain battalion are being cared for on board the hospital ship, and of these twenty had nearly recovered, but had not been officially certified as cured. The other day the whole twenty were missing, and, on inquiry, it was ascertained that, when the 2nd Battalion of their regiment arrived at Durban, they left the ship unobserved, hid themselves in a coal-shed until the trains began to leave, and boarded one of them at the last minute. They have now rejoined their comrades at the front.

Rifles in a Coffin.

PRIVATE G. PARKIN, of the 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment, writes from Sterkstroom: "We took some prisoners yesterday from a Dutch farm not far from here—an old man and his two sons. They had been giving information to the Boers about us. It seemed a shame to take them away; the poor little kids were crying and the mother fainted. But they deserved to be punished. When we searched the house we found a coffin under the bed, like they always have out here ready for when they die, and when we opened it we found it full of rifles and ammunition."

Not a Cannibal.

AN amusing story is circulating in banking circles in London concerning one of the clerks who, belonging to a Volunteer regiment, offered his services for the front, and was provisionally accepted. The young gentleman, who is of unusually fine physique, presented himself for medical inspection, and was congratulating himself on his perfect soundness, when the doctor told him to open his mouth, and then shattered his hopes by saying he could not possibly pass him, as his teeth were defective.

"But," said the Volunteer, "I am thoroughly sound otherwise; nothing wrong here" clapping his chest.

"No," replied the doctor; "but I can't pass you with those teeth."

"What awful rot!" impatiently exclaimed the young man; "I want to go out to fight the burghers—not to eat them."

Tommy and the Mules.

THE Camp De Aar is almost wholly a camp of mules; they have arrived there from every mule-rearing country in the world, and the veld is black with these embodiments of obstinacy. Kaffirs are detailed to look after these animals; but to tend a mule requires rather more skill than is possessed by the average Kaffir, and at times Tommy Atkins has to take a hand. The way in which Tommy manages the mule is reminiscent of his boyhood's days, when he knew more about dogs than donkeys. He first does his best to coax the animal into obedience, and when this fails, as it usually does, he gets two tins, and, placing himself as near to the animal's hind quarters as he considers safe, he bangs away with one tin upon the other. The effect of this improvised music is electrical; any mule, or any number of mules, on hearing this will infallibly move off at top speed, and it only requires the tins to be beaten on one side or the other to make them go in the required direction.

Heliographic Humour.

A FINE dash of the humorous and the human is introduced into the Natal campaign by the exchange of heliographed amenities. "Why is Roberts coming? What has Buller done?" the enemy flashed, the STANDARD'S correspondent tells us. To which our men courteously replied: "How did you like our lyddite in the late battle?" The Boer signaller, however, had the last word with an epigrammatic "Rats!" If elegant repartee is to become a feature of war, the Government will have to employ 'bus drivers as well as 'bus horses. Still, if the Boer signaller is really a Boer, and not that cashiered British lieutenant, for instance, he is a promising sign. The Boer who could signal "Rats!" is a human fellow with something like ourselves in him. This thing, the general Christmas holiday observed by the bombarders, and the plum-pudding fired from one Boer gun, are touches that make us kin.

Sucking-Pig *a la* Modder.

A PRIVATE of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders writes home: "Modder River is like a large country village after the home style, and most of the people here are English or Scotch. All ducks and chickens were killed and cooked by our chaps, as they were all hungry after the fight. For myself I had a nice sucking-pig, and went into a kitchen and got a fire, and stuffed the pig with something of everything—some lard, bread, onions, cabbages, and carrots. The Boers stole all the booze."

A Mark For Boer Bullets.

THE following is from a letter written by a sergeant in the Coldstream Guards (Police-constable Pendered, of the Wolverhampton Police Force, Army Reservist), who is with Methuen's column. He was at the battle of Modder River, and says:

"During the afternoon someone seemed to have spotted me from the trenches. First a shot struck the side of my boot and struck my rifle just in front of my face, filling my eyes with dirt and splinters. I rose up a little when another shot struck the middle finger of my left hand. I had got on my knees when a bullet struck me fair in the chest on the buckle of my haversack, breaking it through the centre, and causing a slight puncture of the skin and bruising my chest. Have been congratulated as being luckiest beggar in my battalion."

Tommy on the Shipwreck.

ONE of the soldiers rescued from the wrecked transport *Isimore* writes:

"The most satisfactory part of the whole business has been the splendid behaviour of all the troops. They were as steady and as quiet as if we were parading the barrack square. Every man stood in his proper place. There was not the slightest confusion or hurry, and they did exactly as they were told. There is not the least doubt that it is owing to their splendid discipline that all were saved. Had there been the slightest panic a dreadful loss of life must have occurred, as getting the boats off was a most difficult business, owing to the heavy swell, and when they were launched they leaked, so that half an hour's baling had to be done before we dared let them start. Everything had to be done by the soldiers, as the ship's crew were all employed in trying to shut the watertight door to keep the sea out of the engine-room. If it had got in there before the fires were put out, a fearful explosion would have occurred, and the ship would have been blown in half."

Under Fire: "A Kind of Solemn Disregard."

As to the horrors of war, an ambulance sergeant writes:

"A lot of North Lancashire men were frightfully wounded. I turned over a sergeant, black in the face, dead. One man was brought to me who had been struck by a shell fragment—face mutilated, throat cut, and chest lacerated. Heavens! the sight was sickening; blood everywhere. Very few of our men being wounded I went out near sunset to aid the Highlanders. They had been lying all day under that frightful sun, and their wounded were still there. No stretchers-bearers could advance, as they were all shot at. They shouted to me to crawl on the ground, as though most of the firing was over, there were still three or four Boers, with express rifles and explosive bullets, who were under cover, who kept picking off our men. Some men utterly collapsed, and all I could do was to put a pad to their wounds and my whisky flask to their lips. I then crawled back to my horse and made my way to some ambulances two miles distant in order to get their aid. I was under fire all the time, bullets dancing round me. I felt a kind of solemn disregard, as I had been exposed to greater dangers before."

"Bloaters."

FEW things are so serious that they cannot occasionally be lightened by a little pleasantry, and war is certainly no exception, however much sorrow it may bring with it. A humorous incident is reported by a newspaper correspondent on the western frontier of Natal. He went out of camp in search of information, and on returning towards nightfall he suddenly became aware that he had forgotten the countersign. He knew that he would be challenged by the watchful British sentry, but although he cudgelled his brain until he got within challenging distance all he could remember was that it had something to do with a fishing town. Then the voice of the sentry rang out, and the correspondent knew that he had either to give the countersign or take the consequences. What was connected with the fishing town that could be used as a password? Like an inspiration it came to him, and he called out: "Bloaters!" To his great relief the sentry told him to advance, but as he arrived at the spot where the man stood the soldier said to him: "It wasn't quite right, sir; it was 'Yarmouth,' but when you said 'bloaters' I knew you was on the right track."

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

LIKE many celebrated men, SIR HENRY M. STANLEY, who celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday on January 28th, is short in stature. He was born near Denbigh, in Wales, and, as most people are aware, his original name was James Rowlands. As a boy he worked in New Orleans for a merchant named Stanley, whose name he eventually assumed. As a war correspondent, the famous explorer took part in Lord Napier's Abyssinian expedition, and it was for the same paper, the NEW YORK HERALD, that he went to "find Livingstone" in 1869.

The President of the United States, WILLIAM MCKINLEY, became fifty-seven years old on the 29th, having been born in 1843. He fought in the Civil War, and retired as a major in 1865, when he became a barrister and took to politics. To the American people he is known as "Old Mac," and soon after entering office, in 1897, he broke all records by shaking hands with 2,000 people, mostly men, at a public reception. For doing this, and other things, PRESIDENT MCKINLEY receives £10,000 a year salary, besides an additional £12,000 for household expenses.

THE EARL OF BERKELEY, whose thirty-fifth birthday was on Wednesday, the 31st, holds a peerage which was created in 1679, during the reign of Charles II. The present earl's father, who succeeded in 1882, never took any steps to establish his claim, and the task had to be undertaken by the son on his succeeding in 1888. The ancient mansion of the Berkeley family is Cranford House, near Hounslow, but it is now tenanted by Lord Fitzhardinge. It was built in the seventeenth century, and there are many stories told of the ghosts that perambulate the corridors.

MR. J. I. THORNYCROFT, the noted torpedo-boat man, celebrated his 57th birthday on February 1st. He is a member of the famous sculpturing family of the same name, but has devoted his life to naval engineering. The first torpedo ever employed in the British Navy was built by Mr. Thornycroft in 1876, and since then his firm has built dozens for every country in Europe. The works at Chiswick were founded in 1866, and boats are now being built which can steam at the rate of forty ordinary miles an hour.

One of the French Rothschilds, BARON ALPHONSE, had his birthday on February 1st, having been born in 1826. He is the eldest son of Baron James Rothschild, who is the youngest son of old Anselm Meyer and the founder of the Paris branch of the Rothschild business. Baron Alphonse's hobby is the collecting of books of art, and his galleries at Ferrieres, near Paris, are filled with the finest creations of the old masters. All the five French Rothschilds have each an establishment at Ferrieres, and employ 150 people and 200 horses.

The date of this issue (February 3rd) is the seventieth birthday of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, who was born at Hatfield, the stately home of the Cecils, in 1830. It is forty-seven years since the Marquis entered political life, and since 1885 he has been the Prime Minister three times, embracing a period of over eleven years. In 1850, when he had no expectation of succeeding to the title, Lord Salisbury went on a voyage round the world, and visited the Australian goldfields. With the exception of a little walking, his lordship now takes no exercise, and his only hobby is scientific research.

A unique position is held by SIR WILLIAM H. WHITE, the Director of Naval Construction, whose fifty-fifth birthday was on Friday, February 2nd. He can be truly called the maker of the modern British fleet, for since his appointment to the position in 1885 he has built 200 warships, with a horsepower of 2,200,000,2,000 guns, and costing the sum of £60,000,000. Sir William commenced his career as an apprentice in the department of which he is now the head, and for three years was the chief designer for Armstrong's, at the Elswick works on the Tyne.

LORD MACNAGHTON, who is one of the land peers, becomes seventy years old to-day, February 3rd, having been born in 1830. When at Cambridge, his lordship took part in the Boat Races of 1852 and 1854, but on both occasions the rival University won. In the 1852 race the late Lord Justice Chitty rode stroke for Oxford. Lord Macnaghton, needless to say, is an Irishman through and through.

The Victoria Cross hero of the week is LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. H. REYNOLDS, of the Army Medical Corps, who celebrates his fifty-sixth birthday on Saturday, February 3rd. He joined the 2nd Worcester Regiment in 1869 and took part in the Kaffir War of 1877. Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds then served throughout the Zulu War of 1879 and was present at the Battle of Ulundi, while for conspicuous bravery during the attack at Rorke's Drift, he, with many others, recieved that bit of old gun metal—the Victoria Cross.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN, the second Baronet, who became twenty-eight on Tuesday, the 30th, is the grandson of the famous General Havelock, who, during the Mutiny, forced his way into Lucknow at the head of the Highland Brigade, and held the place till the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell. The present baronet's father was in the Mutiny, too, winning the V.C., and was killed by the Afridis in December, 1897, owing to galloping ahead of his escort.

Many of the illustrations in the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS are from sketches made right on the battlefield.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

THE GOLDEN GATES

A ROMANCE OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.*

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "Guilty Gold," "The Zone of Fire," "Caged," etc.

SUMMARY.

MAISIE SELLON, beloved of Walter Lynden, meets Homer Ferrars, company promoter, as she alights from a train on the underground railway, complaining that she has been insulted by a fellow passenger. Ferrars recognises in the latter his brother, Powlett, a disgraced ex-naval officer, and enters the carriage under the pretext of giving him a piece of his mind. He unfolds a scheme of treasure trove to Powlett, who is to have charge of the quest. Homer has formed a company to send out the *Sea-Hawk* to fish up a pair of golden gates and other treasures sunk in a Portuguese galleon off the island of Selaga. Powlett is to throw overboard rusty implements of ancient pattern, which the diver will find. The public, informed of this discovery, will be gulled by this bait into the belief that the treasure is there.

General Sellon, Maisie's uncle, is sought after as a director by Homer, and joins the board on condition that Lynden is appointed chief mate of the *Sea-Hawk*, which sets sail seven days after the departure of the s.s. *Tiber* for Bombay with Maisie and her mother among the passengers.

Lena Ferrars, an attractive but scheming woman, accompanies her brother on board the *Sea-Hawk*, and promptly falls in love with Walter, whose peace of mind is sadly disturbed by the picking up, near the spot where the galleon had foundered, a drifting boat of the s.s. *Tiber*.

Walter has an interview with the diver, and learns that no trace of the wreck is to be seen below. A canoe approaches the ship, and intimates that there is no treasure to be found there, but Captain Ferrars refuses to entertain the statement, and threatens the natives to keep clear of the ship.

During the night Walter steals unobserved to the deck, and finds the captain throwing old firearms overboard. Later, he goes to the captain's cabin, and is caught examining a chest of old armament. Walter tells Lena Ferrars that he believes the whole scheme to be a fraud, and Lena replies that he could not blame her for taking advantage of the carelessness which put him in her power. Unless he "stood in" with her, as her husband, he would get nothing at all.

Walter goes to the captain's cabin and tells Ferrars that he intends exposing the swindle at all costs; and on finding that he will not come to any terms offered, Ferrars sets some mechanism in motion by which the flooring of the cabin on which he is standing gives way and precipitates him to the hold of the vessel, and he becomes unconscious.

He awakes to find himself half buried in the sand on a tiny coral island. There being no sign of food, he decides to swim to a larger island about a mile off. In case he does not reach land on account of sharks, he arranges pebbles on the shore telling of Powlett Ferrars' treachery.

When half way to the island and on the point of giving up, he is seen by a steam-yacht and taken on board, where he meets Hussein Ali, who tells him that the *Tiber* has been wrecked.

Hussein takes him to the mysterious island of Jogore to the "palace" of the Sultan Syed Bin Zohrab.

Hussein says his master cannot speak English, but Zohrab, in a private interview with Walter, tells him that he was educated at Eton, but Hussein practically governs the island, and has great influence over his own actions.

Walter also learns from him that two English ladies who were shipwrecked off the island are now in the Garden Wing of the Palace.

After much persuasion, Zohrab promises to let him see these ladies, to find out whether they are Mrs. Sellon and her daughter Maisie.

He secretly takes him to the gate of the garden, but will not go any farther with him, promising to wait on the terrace for the return of our hero, who sees Maisie in the garden.

CHAPTER XII.

REASONS OF STATE.

AT the sound of Walter's voice Maisie looked up, stood for one moment wild-eyed, and then, catching sight of him, dropped her flowers and ran to the gate. In the joy of the unexpected meeting some minutes passed without coherent explanations, and then it was Maisie's story that had to be told. She seemed to take it for granted that Walter was there for the purpose of taking her mother and herself to Bombay, and for the present he did not care to alarm her with the true state of the case.

It was a fact that the *Tiber* had been lost, having been driven out of her course by a cyclone, to founder after striking an uncharted reef. So far as Maisie knew she and her mother were the sole survivors, picked up by some native fishermen from the wreckage to which they had clung.

"We little thought," the girl continued, "that the half-naked boatmen would bring us to such an enchanted castle as this, where we have rooms fit for the Queen, ices and sweets all day long, and even a dressmaker to fit us up with new clothes. And the funny thing is we don't know where we are, or even the name of our generous entertainer."

"He has not been to see you?" asked Walter, who meant to believe nothing he had not proved in this home of mystery.

"No, only sent us messages to say that he hoped we should be comfortable, and that his high steward or grand vizier—a man named Hussein Ali, I think—would wait upon us on his return from Europe in a day or two. I suppose he was to make arrangements for us to go on to Bombay, but that won't be necessary now that you have come. You have a ship here, of course?"

Without going into details, Walter was compelled to explain that he also had met disaster at sea and was a castaway. He, however, added that he believed there would be facilities for them all to sail for Bombay on the morrow.

"I shall be glad enough to go," said Maisie, "though I won't answer for Mother. She's simply revelling in the luxury of this place after the horrors of that dreadful wreck. Look at her now, fast asleep under that tree."

"But isn't she anxious to get to Bombay so as to assure your father of your safety? Colonel Sellon must be in a terrible state about you both," Walter suggested.

"Poor dear! yes," said Maisie vaguely, leaving it doubtful whether she referred to her father or her mother.

But the subject of their surmises had been awakened by the sound of their voices, and seeing her daughter talking to a European at the gate was sailing majestically towards them. The *tête-à-tête*, all too short for the lovers, was at an end. On recognising Walter the good lady started in dismay.

"How did that young man get here?" she snorted indignantly. "Come away at once, Maisie. It is an abuse of hospitality to encourage a person who, I feel sure, would not be welcome to the owner of this splendid palace. When the native gentleman who is expected from Europe arrives I shall take the earliest opportunity of asking him not to allow strangers in the grounds."

"Mr. Lynden is no stranger, mamma," Maisie was beginning, when a smooth, glib voice, speaking almost in his ear, caused Walter to wheel round suddenly. He was confronted by the blandly smiling Hussein, who had approached from the house with the usual silent tread. He ignored the young Englishman, and salaamed low to the ladies on the other side of the gate.

"Allow me to introduce myself, madam, as the native gentleman from Europe who is charged by his Highness with the pleasant duty of arranging for your comfort," he began. "I trust that you have suffered no inconvenience, or any discourtesy," this with a meaning emphasis and a sidelong frown at Walter, "through my untimely absence."

Mrs. Sellon, who had pricked up her ears at the mention of "His Highness," was entirely captured by the hostile grimace at her daughter's lover. She bowed, and smiled at the wily Hussein in her best society manner.

"We have been treated like royalties," she replied. "I am sure that the quails stowed in Madeira at dinner last night were a perfect dream. But now that your Excellency has returned—am I right in addressing you as your Excellency?—I am confident that our privacy in this delightful garden will be—ahem!—a matter of first consideration." The last words were uttered with an imitative scowl at Walter.

Hussein salaamed again, sorely tempting Walter to kick him. "Believe me, madam," he said, "you have only to command and you will be instantly obeyed. My good master, His Highness, above all things desires that you shall enjoy absolute privacy, and someone will suffer for having overlooked this open-work gate. It shall be at once replaced by one of more substantial construction, and I will wait upon you, half-an-hour hence, to learn any further orders that you may wish to give."

The words filled Walter with swift alarm. "But why," he interposed, "should there be any need for such an alteration? I presume that these ladies will be leaving for Bombay to-morrow when the *Tulwar* takes me."

Hussein shot at him a glance of mild reproach. "Surely Mr. Lynden," he remarked suavely, "it is not usual for a guest to question his host's anxious care for the comfort of other guests. At any rate, if you have any fault to find with his Highness's dispositions it will be more graceful to discuss the matter in private, and perhaps you will kindly return with me to the Palace if you have anything to say."

He salaamed again to the ladies, and made a gesture for Walter to accompany him, but it was Maisie's turn to protest. The girl had caught the note of alarm in her lover's voice, and said in some agitation:

"There is no doubt that we shall sail for Bombay to-morrow, is there?"

Hussein retraced the few steps he had taken, and replied in his most deferential manner, but with a significant eye for the elder lady:

"With every desire to meet the wishes of youth and beauty, I must be guided chiefly by those of maturity and discretion. Am I to understand, madam, that you would avail yourself of an opportunity to leave, with your daughter, in the same vessel as this gentleman?"

"Certainly not," snapped Mrs. Sellon in answer. "I would rather wait a week—or even a month. The ship can take a note to my husband in Bombay to say that we were rescued and are quite well. Come along, Maisie; don't loiter at that gate." And taking her daughter under her wing, the dame waddled off towards the inner glades of the garden.

Walter bit his lip and turned away with Hussein, intending to lay the whole matter before Zohrab, and to insist on the serious consequences that would ensue if the rescued passengers were not restored to their friends, willing or not willing, at the first opportunity. But on nearing the house he saw that Zohrab was nowhere visible on the upper terrace where he had promised to wait for him. Suspecting the cause, he broke out angrily upon Hussein, who was walking demurely a few paces ahead of him.

"I must see Syed Bin Zohrab at once, even if he is ashamed of the lies you have told on his behalf. What evil motive had you for concealing the presence of the Englishwomen on the island?"

Hussein chuckled sneeringly. "Gallantry, my dear sir, gallantry," he replied without stopping. "You could see for yourself that that worthy old lady preferred your room to your company. It may have been very bad taste, but I was bound to respect it."

"Can't you speak the truth by accident?" exclaimed Walter, driven to desperation by the other's quibbling—quibbling, too, that was now not even veiled. "When you denied that the ladies were here, you could not have ascertained Mrs. Sellon's feelings, since you only met her for the first time just now."

Hussein made no reply, but plodded on towards the upper terrace. This was more than Walter could stand from one whom he mentally appraised as "a slimy nigger," and quickening his pace, he strode to Hussein's side and seized him by the collar.

"Once for all will you explain why you deceived me?" he cried, unable to resist giving ever such a slight shake to the supple form as he yanked it to a standstill at the foot of the terrace steps.

For one brief moment a spasm of hate flitted across the Hindoo's impassive face, but it immediately resumed its sphinx-like expression. Hussein did not even attempt to free himself from his assailant's grasp. All he did was to clap his hands once—twice—thrice, smartly, murmuring:

"If you will look around you, Mr. Lynden, you will come to the conclusion—reluctantly, I daresay, but unerringly—that you are playing the fool."

Quietly though he spoke there was a subdued note of mastery in his voice that warned Walter of something more serious than a trick to escape from his clutch. Without relaxing his hold he acted on the suggestion, and saw at once that he was in the presence of organised force. From behind half-a-dozen shrubs and statues as many armed men had stepped—villainous-looking Arabs, uniformly clad—who were covering him with levelled Winchesters.

Walter's hand dropped from the collar, and he swore under his breath. No man likes to be found asserting a position which he is unable to maintain. Hussein smiled darkly, and clapped his hands once. The armed men disappeared.

"You see, Mr. Lynden, that I have the means to check discourtesy," he said, "Shall we resume our walk to the palace? Good! Well, now that you have seen the futility of violence on the part of a stranger, however young and lusty, in His Highness's dominions, I don't mind answering your question in a general way. It was, I think——?"

"Why I was not at once informed that some fellow-countrywomen of mine, rescued from the *Tiber*, were in the palace," said Walter stoutly. "And, though this is not so material, how it was that the fact was concealed after you yourself had imparted to me the rumour of it."

"Ah! that was the frailty of my poor human mind," replied Hussein, in tones of real regret. "It was a mistake—a great mistake on my part to disclose such a rumour to a stranger till I had learnt more of him. I have suffered many pangs of self-reproach for that mistake, and shall suffer many more."

"Oh, hang your pangs!" cried Walter. "Why the secrecy about the ladies? Of all the shifty beggars——"

"Gently, Mr. Lynden, gently! I don't want to clap my hands again, you know. We Orientals are not so quick as you English, but I was about to answer your question, as I promised, in a general way. The reasons why it was thought best to throw a little harmless dust in your eyes were reasons of state, and with that you will have to be content. Reasons of state account for many strange things in Jogore."

They had reached the house now, and were entering by the same side-door through which Walter had been taken into the grounds by the Sultan.

"We will see what Zohrab has to say to your reasons of state," replied Walter, finally recognising that his companion had no intention of enlightening him. "Where is your master to be found?"

But Hussein remained impenetrable. "It is quite useless for you to take that tone," he said. "His Highness has retired to his own apartments, and has given strict orders that he does not wish to see you."

"Not at all—not before I leave for Bombay to-morrow?" asked Walter in consternation.

"His Highness will not see you before your departure," was the reply, in which Walter was too heated at the time to notice the alteration of phrase and omission of his destination.

"Then I shall not go at all—unless Mrs. and Miss Sellon go with me," he said resolutely. "I am not going to leave a couple of Englishwomen in a place that I can't make head nor tail of, and where they are treated, whether they know it or not, uncommonly like prisoners."

Hussein indulged in one of his exasperating bows. "Then you must, of course, continue to enjoy our hospitality," he replied. "Mrs. Sellon can hardly be carried on board the *Tulwar* by force to oblige a gentleman who has, if you will pardon me, behaved to us of Jogore with but scant courtesy."

They were in the corridor in which were the dining and billiard rooms, with the "audience chamber" at the end. Hussein, announcing: "This is the room that has been prepared for you," had halted at a doorway, when there hobbled out of a side passage a young woman leaning on a gold-mounted cane. Though dressed in old-fashioned but costly European garments, she was as dark in complexion as the average Hindoo. Her bird-like eyes were very bright and keen, and her face was one of great beauty. Walter set her down as a Goanese of mixed Indian and Portuguese blood.

"Stand back, please. Make room for Her Highness the Lady Joanna, sister of His Highness the Sultan Syed Bin Zohrab," cried Hussein, folding his arms across his chest and assuming an attitude of the deepest obeisance.

Without imitating his humility, Walter stood against the wall for the young girl to pass, watching her curiously as she approached, tapping the floor with her stick. He noticed that her brows were puckered in a frown as her gaze rested on the bowing Hussein, but the next moment, when she had got nearly abreast of them, he started in surprise as her attention was transferred to himself. A look of friendly intelligence came into her eyes, and he saw that it was a telegraphic signal, intended to draw his eyes to something she held in her hand. An instant later she had passed on, leaving in his grip a crumpled scrap of paper.

Hussein who had been too busy with his salaams to notice the transfer, proceeded to open the door of the room. It was large and airily furnished to suit the requirements of a tropical climate. A light charpoy bedstead, with mosquito curtains, stood in one corner, and there were the usual washing and dressing conveniences customary to civilised life.

So much only had Walter time to note when Hussein, after showing Walter in, stepped quietly back to the door and said:

"This is the room that has been prepared for you, Mr. Lynden. Perhaps by to-morrow you will have reconsidered your decision not to leave the island."

With which he glided out, shutting the door behind him, and leaving Walter free to peruse the note that had been put into his hand.

* Copyright in the United States by Headon Hill.

The ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS. One penny weekly. Get it this week. Fine number.

Its contents, in an unformed, schoolboy writing, were not reassuring. "You are a prisoner and in danger of your life," ran the scrawl. "I will try to get you out to-night. In the meanwhile remain quiet, and *do not eat the food that will be brought to you.* Hide it so that it may be thought that you have eaten it. Zohrab."

Walter sprang to the door to find it locked; he ran to the window, a long one opening to the ground, but before he reached it a *grille*, like a miniature portcullis, came down with a rattle on the outside.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Friend in Need.

"Trapped like a rat," exclaimed Walter, as the barred grating clanged into a groove at the base of the window. "And my only friend outside—the poor 'boss of the show,' as he calls himself—is rather a broken reed to trust to, I fear."

Yet when he flung himself into a chair to review the situation, Zohrab's advice to remain quiet seemed excellent. There was no other course he could take. Hussein had already given him a practical hint that open resistance would be met with the armed force of superior numbers, and he had no doubt that if he succeeded in breaking out of the room he would be speedily stopped.

What good could he do if he managed to reach the interior of the house by the room-door or the grounds by the window? He had seen that the whole place was inclosed by a lofty wall, patrolled by riflemen, who, he suspected, took their orders from Hussein rather than from the ostensible ruler of Jogore. But, granted that that obstacle were surmounted, he had no means of escaping from the island, even if he could find his way to the coast without being overtaken. That was highly improbable, owing to his having been brought inland by the underground passage.

In thus debating the chances of escape, his own personal safety was the last thing that occurred to him. He had Maisie to think of, and in the short time that he had known himself to be a prisoner, his ideas of how best to serve her had undergone a change. That from the most ordinary beginnings he had stumbled on a nest of the abnormal, organised and disciplined, where Europeans were neither free to come nor to depart at will, was now evident, and Hussein had shown a clear disposition to play upon Mrs. Sellon's antipathy to himself to detain her and her daughter voluntarily on the island. Walter's suspicions, now thoroughly aroused, saw in this only a stroke of Oriental diplomacy to postpone or avoid "a scene." He feared that there was no intention to let the ladies go.

This being so, considering his powerlessness to get them away, was it not his duty to get help as quickly as possible from the nearest naval station and return with a force strong enough to affect their release. It was quite likely, he told himself, that Zohrab's talk of torpedoes and mines was all bunkum, and if it were not, English sailors were not afraid of risks when women were in peril. And from the larger national point of view the authorities would be only too keen to learn more of an armed stronghold which had so marvellously escaped notice for so long.

Another reason weighed with him too, though in a minor degree, in favour of breaking loose, if he could, with Zohrab's help. That was his original purpose, by no means lost sight of amid later events, of preventing the swindle contemplated by the Ferrars gang. That scheme would most surely triumph if he were detained a prisoner at Jogore, or were murdered, as was the cheerful indication in Zohrab's warning.

Here again, however, the arguments were not entirely one-sided. If anything could have slackened his zeal for exposing the true nature of the *Sea Hawk's* mission it would have been the fact that Hussein had for some occult reason desired the exposure to be made—even at the risk of releasing an Englishman who could divulge the secret of the existence of Jogore. It was only, Walter reflected, when the moving spirit of the island discovered that he was also in a position to divulge the whereabouts of the Ferrars that the idea of letting him go appeared to have been abandoned.

Presently he rose and walked to the window. The bars of the *grille* were not so closely set as to prevent a clear view, and he saw at once that escape by that route was not to be thought of. The window looked down into the courtyard into which, on his arrival, he had emerged from the subterranean passage. It was still occupied by an armed guard, busy now cooking their evening meal.

He next tried the door again—merely out of curiosity, for he had quite settled to wait Zohrab's promised help. Here, too, he was met by immediate proof that he was under strict surveillance. The door was still secured, but his stealthy turn of the handle was followed by the shuffling of feet in the corridor, and by muttered voices in which a jeering laugh mingled.

When it was nearly dark the door was opened from outside and two tall native servants entered, bearing trays, upon which were a silver dish of pillau, an assortment of fruits, and a flask of Burgundy. Having set the tray on the table, they retired without word or sign.

Walter examined the viands curiously, without being able to detect the poisoned dish, and then acted on the advice of Zohrab's note by pouring some of the wine into the water-jug and by hiding a portion of the food under the bed.

Half-an-hour elapsed, and the same men returned to remove the trays, to the condition of which, Walter noticed, they paid particular attention on entering. A significant glance passed between them, and again they disappeared, like silent ghosts, without addressing him.

Then there ensued several hours of weary waiting for the aid that might or might not be forthcoming. No lamp having been supplied, the room was now in black darkness, and in sheer bodily fatigue after the events of the day, Walter threw himself on the bed, though his senses remained keenly on the alert and told him that the vigilance outside his door had not been relaxed. The mutterings and shufflings, and sometimes the clank of steel, continued.

Suddenly, without any warning, the door was opened and quickly shut again—so quickly that he would have thought that no one had entered, had not a stream of light remained shining upon him. Looking in eager expectation for Zohrab he saw that his visitant was Zohrab's sister, the beautiful half-caste girl who had met him and handed him the note.

She came towards the bed hobbling on her stick, and with her plump brown finger pressed to her lips in a demand for silence. Walter swung himself into a sitting posture and awaited her. The fact of her having acted as her brother's messenger presupposed her to be a friend—so far as white people could count on friends in Jogore.

She came very close before she spoke, and then it was in good English that she whispered:

"Lie down again. Pretend to be dead. I am going to show you to them. Do not answer me."

Walter obeyed and the young girl hobbled back to the door. Flinging it open she spoke a few words in bastard Arabic which Walter could not understand, and the doorway was instantly filled with black faces peering for a sight of the prone figure on the bed. At a gesture from their master's sister one of the men stepped a few paces into the room, and then rejoined his fellows, apparently satisfied that the white man whom they had been guarding was really dead. There was a flutter and a murmur outside, and the footsteps of the guards died away in the distance. They were persuaded that the need for their watch was at an end.

The girl changed the key from the outside to the inside of the door, turned it in the lock, and hobbled back to the bed.

"Zohrab was not able to come himself; Hussein Ali is with him, and when that is so, his will is not his own," she whispered. "But knowing what was in his mind about you I am come instead to see if a woman and a weak one can save a strong young man. It is right that white people should help white people when they are in danger from these wretched niggers."

The assumption of racial equality on the part of this dusky Eastern maiden, who was but a shade or two lighter than the darkest Hindoo, was more markedly ridiculous than in Zohrab with his larger strain of white blood and his English education. But Walter was in no mood to laugh.

"Very good of you, miss, I'm sure," he replied in his hearty sailor fashion. "I owe you for one good turn already. But I hope you won't be harmed by Hussein for taking my part. He doesn't seem to stick at trifles when honest folk cross his path."

"I have proved a match for him so far, by meeting cunning with cunning, till he thinks he has in me an ally," said the young lady proudly. "If I can get you away so that you can bring the English it will not matter if it be known that I helped you, for there will be an end to the witchcraft by which he holds Zohrab in chains. And if not—well, the people of this island are too devoted to the family to harm me, even at Hussein's bidding."

"Then why can't you rouse them against him and put an end to his power?" said Walter.

But Zobrab's sister shook her head.

"It is to their devotion to us that he owes his power over them," she replied sadly. "He has persuaded them that only by obeying him can Jogore be preserved in independence, and such is his influence over my brother that he backs him up. While Hussein was away in Europe, I saw signs that that influence was weakening, but to-day, since his return, it has been growing stronger than ever."

"Then if I get through to Bombay and bring an English war-vessel here, what is that you hope for for yourself and your brother?" asked Walter.

"For myself nothing, except to see Zohrab happy, and that can only be if he is free to enjoy the privileges of a white man among white men—in London, Paris, or wherever else he may elect to spend his money," was the reply. "Hussein tries to satisfy his craving for civilised life by amusing him with European toys, such as motor-cars, billiard-tables, and a luxurious steam-yacht—anything to keep him and his millions hidden away here, so that he, Hussein, can enjoy power and control the money with his greedy fingers. It is like tossing a crumb to a starving man. Zohrab plays with his toys, but they do not satisfy. He will pine away and die if he cannot enjoy the society of people of his own colour."

"I will do my best for him if I get away, and the sooner the better," said Walter with honest intention. "When do you want me to start."

"At once; I have only been waiting to give the guards time to go to their beds, and because I wished you to know how Zohrab was overmastered by that slimy black man," was the reply. "Follow me, tread lightly, and do not speak."

So saying the Lady Joanna drew her mantilla closer round her shapely shoulders and hobbled from the room with Walter in her wake. Striking almost immediately out of the central corridor into a side passage, they came to a bolted door which was speedily unfastened, giving access to the open air. By the light of the stars the outline of the great surrounding wall was visible at a distance of a hundred yards, and Walter could see that he was on a side of the house where he had not been before.

"I am not to go by the tunnel, then?" whispered Walter.

"Hush, as you value your life! There are two hundred men sleeping close to you," the young girl breathed in his ear, and becoming accustomed to the gloom he saw that they were passing through rows of leaf-thatched huts, evidently the quarters of the "Sultan's" retainers. Not till they had cleared the last of them did his conductress open her mouth to say:

"I am going to let you out by a gate that is guarded to-night by a man whom I can trust. If you are retaken you must not say how you left the palace or he will be killed by Hussein's orders. When you are outside go a short distance through the palm-grove to your left. This will bring you to the road to the shore, but you must leave it after a mile and strike into the bushes on your right, or you will come to the landing-pier, which is guarded. A little way beyond the bushes you will see a strip of beach and a fishing-boat. The boatman is in my own service, and will take you out of the lagoon. With fair winds you should reach Bombay in five days."

"And two or three days later be back with a rescue party," murmured Walter, half to himself. "But tell me," he added, as a thought occurred to him, "can you not also work it so that the English ladies go with me?"

"Impossible! They are far too jealously guarded, though they know it not," was the reply. "The guards only allowed me to approach you because I came to see if the poison had worked, and they believed you to be dead. There is no excuse by which I could so much as enter the apartment of the two women, and if I had fifty I would not use them."

The note of contempt in her voice, as much as the statement itself, caused Walter to look in her face, and even in the glim light he could see that it was working with some strong passion.

"Why should you feel so about them?" he asked in surprise.

"The elder woman—the fat pig of a woman—said to her daughter that I, Joanna of Jogore, a de Souza of Goa by birth and the sister of Zohrab the Sultan, was *a figure of fun*," replied the young lady bitterly. "The women were brought to me when they came up from the boat, and that was their return for the kindness I showed them. It was no excuse that they did not know that I spoke the English as taught me by the late Sultan; but enough of that. Here is the gate."

They had arrived under the shadow of the great wall, and a dim shape was advancing to meet them from a narrow slit of a door set in the masonry. The dim shape prostrated himself, rose to his feet, and, after speaking a few whispered words in the unknown language to his mistress, glided back to the door and opened it.

A moment later Walter Lynden found himself the right side of the wall, from a prisoner's point of view, and, within rather narrow limits, a free man once more.

(To be continued.)

His Sweetheart's Letter.

A colonel, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drill room, when he came across a couple of soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud while the other was listening, and, at the same time, stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the latter.

"You see, Colonel, I'm reading to Atkins, who can't read himself, a letter which has arrived by this afternoon's post from his sweetheart."

"And you, Atkins, what in all the world are you doing?"

"Please, Colonel, I am stopping up Murphy's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a single word of what she has written."

How an Army Corps is Guided.

The organisation of an army corps is a very big piece of work. Here is a sample form in which Sir Redvers Buller issues instructions to the men under him in South Africa:

1st Army Corps.

Corps Orders by Lieutenant-General Sir R. Buller.

(1) The Army will advance to-morrow in the direction of Colenso.
(2) The enemy was last heard of at Bridle Drift. His patrols have been seen on the line of the Tugela.
(3) The Cavalry Division will move to Inhlawe, starting so as to arrive by 2 p.m.
Reports to be sent back every two hours. The right flank to be carefully searched, etc.
(4) The 1st Division will march off at such an hour that it will reach Colenso at 11 a.m. It will follow the main road.
(5) The 2nd Division will (as above).
(6) The 3rd Division (as above).
(7) The Corps Troop. (This body may be either treated as one unit, and assigned to one road, probably in rear of one of the Divisions, or may be ordered to detach guns, infantry, or other units to one of the divisions.)
(8) Any orders concerning Supply Columns, or Supply Park, Ammunition Park, etc.
(9) The position of Commander-in-Chief during the coming day's operations.

By order,
(Signed) ——, Chief Staff Officer.

Place, date.

These orders, when completed, will be dictated by staff officers to clerks using typewriters, and immediately forwarded either by telegraph, cyclist, or mounted orderly to the various divisions concerned.

Tramp (to mistress of house): "About three months ago I called here, and you were good enough to give me a waistcoat. Madam, you may not be aware, but in one of the pockets I found a half-sovereign."

Mistress of House: "Mercy, have you brought it back? I'm——"

Tramp: "Not much. I come for another of them waistcoats."

P. 486
£250 for 'Naming the day.'

There are special articles each week that are of very great interest in the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

HOW OUR COLONIES "RAISE THE WIND."

All about the duties levied on Colonial Imports.

THE Transvaal campaign has already been marked by the concession from Cape Colony of a remission in duty on Tommy Atkins's tobacco, certainly so long as our soldiers are on active service in battling the Boers, and considering how very greatly our possessions over the seas depend upon Customs imposts as a source of revenue, the free smoke our heroes now enjoy is one to be appreciated.

If a general contribution to the cost of government is a fair basis of taxation, then a good deal of ingennity has been displayed by the Colonial authorities, certainly of Australia, in arranging that such justice shall be meted out all round.

It is true that certain of the great divisions of the big island-continent are lessening the number of articles taxed on importation from abroad, and yet in some instances they have a tariff against each other.

No little novelty may be noted in the variety of goods enumerated for duty, for while neither a cart nor a waggon can rumble through free, yet a carraway seed does not escape.

A very general rate of levy is fifteen per cent. of the value at which axle grease slips through; but amber mouth-pieces for pipes are just a single per cent. higher.

Barbers' chairs are certainly not favoured, having to be paid for four times as heavily as bonnet shapes, and higher also than box irons and busks, chicken (potted), and chimney-pots, cigarette papers and horse clippers, coloured fashion plates and coppers oilers.

Corkscrews are charged three times as much as corn-crushers, while cough lozenges are as half again as heavily taxed as counterpanes and cream of tartar, though all in the same category are classed devilled tongues and door springs, drainage pipes, dried herbs, hair dye, donkeys, door-knobs, dog biscuits, and diaries.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain would have to pay ten per cent. on a new eyeglass out there, nor could he see an injustice when double that rate is charged on a tin dust-pan. Infancy, even before teeth are cut, is represented by fifteen per cent. on feeding bottles, a third more than

OLD AGE PAYS ON FALSE TEETH.

Ladies' felt hats, frocks, frying-pans, fly-papers, and feather beds are classed level for impost; but gridirons have to be accounted for three times as much as grindstones, while goats, girders, horse boots, hatbands, hair dye, and hinges know no distinction—in rate of tariff.

The Scot faithful to old Caledonia's fare pays three farthings a pound on imported haggis, while incubators, iron pots, and Indian clubs pay more for landing than do ladies' jackets, kitchen ranges, shoe lifts, and fishing lines.

Monkeys, mops, and money tills, magic lanterns, magnesia, naphtha, neckties, and neatsfoot oil are level in fiscal rating; but iron ovens and optical instruments are passed through more favourably than are pinafores and percussion caps, penholders, and parasols; while palings and picture frames pay the like of precious stones, and rather more than plum-puddings.

Quills, quoits, and quassia are also taxed, but quick-silver passes through free. Pigs' feet, less fortunate than mercury, add to the colony's wealth by three farthings a pound, whilst a ram cannot get his head in under half-a-crown.

Stair-rods, fresh rabbits, horse rugs, and roller skates, pay eighteenpence in the pound duty, so, too, do iron safes, scissors, skewers, sarsaparilla, sash fasteners, and seidlitz powders; while sweeps' brushes have a reduction of sixpence in the pound over

STOCKINGS AND DOOR-SCRAPERS.

Violin bows can't scrape through free any more than do ventilators and virgin cork, but van wheels and vermicelli escape. Walking sticks and washing machines, window blinds, and woollen handkerchiefs, have a little favouring compared with whips, wheelbarrows, and mineral waters.

Tea, which finds taxation in this country, enters free where the above and other articles are subject to duty, while there are many hundreds of necessaries also which do not come within the ken of the ordinary customs officer or the rummager.

Of prohibited importations, all dogs from any part of the world, except the Australian colonies and New Zealand, cannot bark or bite ashore without undergoing six months' quarantine, and then only on certification of an inspector.

Flying foxes, blackbirds, starlings, and thrushes are of the birds that are barred, while rabbits suffer death before being landed on the shores where conies have long been a destructive pest.

The industries of the Australian colonies are so generally developing that locally-made articles are being produced in sufficient quantities to meet the demand, and revenue from Customs will consequently continue to decrease.

In the Transvaal operations we are witnessing some of the results of Colonial expenditure from revenue raised in a way which the ethics of political economy might deem financially wrong, for the stalwart sons of Australasia join with the troops of the mother country in defence of the blended folds of the national flag.

What a novelty it would be were taxes raised in Australia by the mode of collection in England, for in some instances scores and even hundreds of miles would need to be traversed for the rate official to make a call for the amount due. Certainly our Colonials know how to accomplish other feats than winning cricket matches.

A single footnote appears to the Customs tariff regulations relating to Western Australia specifies that "musical instruments for volunteer bands are free," a concession which, in all probability, was brought about, between forty and fifty years ago, by the action of the 20th Company Royal Engineers, then serving at Swan River and now taking part in the South African campaign.

It arose over the Sappers, having purchased instruments for a band, asking the Governor to frank the consignment duty free, a concession that was not granted on the grounds that the band was "purely a private affair, and nothing whatever to do with the public service."

Some months afterwards, on a reception being held at Government House, Perth, his Excellency commanded musical Sappers to attend, but their compliance was marked by neither a cornet, saxe-horn, ophicleide, nor

BIG OR LITTLE DRUM.

The Governor was greatly incensed at the men's refusal to attend as a band, but on being reminded that he had been so good as to declare that the instruments had "nothing whatever to do with the public service," further, that he was not pleased to frank them free of duty, and consequently as soldiers of the Queen they had, as ever, responded with their utmost zeal to the command of the Queen's representative, but as a band they begged to decline the kind engagement offered.

The Governor at once recognised the Sappers' case, and practically displayed an admiration for their courageous spirit in defence of their rights, by giving a sum, in addition to the engagement fee, fully representing the Customs duty which the men had borne from their not very high regimental and working pay.

"Military or naval provisions and stores required for Her Majesty's service, volunteer bands," and whatever, in fact, applies to the defensive forces are admitted free, doubtless as a sequel to the little incident of the Sappers, who knew how to blow their own trumpets by way of maintaining their rights, each as "a soldier and a man."

Only one class of human beings find taxation on entering Australasian ports—that from China, upon whom a poll-tax of £10 was, for many years, imposed, and for which has been substituted the infliction of a heavy penalty upon master of vessels taking into port more than one Chinaman to every 300 tons, a poll-tax of £100 being charged on landing, except in Western Australia, where the impost is £10, and in South Australia, where no poll-tax is imposed, but only one Chinese can be brought with every 500 tons burden.

Cost of Big Guns and their Ammunition.

Bore.	Tons.	Cost.	Ammunition. Cost per Round.
16·25in.	111	£19,000	£164 0s.
13·5	67	13,000	114 0s.
12·0	45	7,000	66 0s.
10·0	29	6,000	46 0s.
9·2	22	5,000	33 0s.
8·0	15	3,000	16 10s.
6·0 q.f.	7	1,600	12 0s.
6·0	5	1,000	10 5s.
4·7	2	650	3 0s.

The latter is the gun so opportunely landed by Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, of H.M.S. *Powerful*, and which proved so useful against "Long Tom" at Ladysmith.

A Good Trick.

A WANDERING sleight-of-hand man was entertaining some loungers with an exhibition of his tricks. After showing a good number of them he said:

"But I have one good trick that I call the Hallmine trick."

Of course they all wanted to see that, so he instructed a good number of them to give him a silver shilling, after having marked it and carefully noted the date. About a dozen of the bystanders did so, and he took them all, shook them up, then showed each man another shilling than the one he had marked, accompanying each coin with the question:

"Is that yours?"

Each man, of course, said "No," and he strolled away saying:

"Then they must be all mine."

Murdering the Queen's English.

THE people of Cowes have ever shown a recognition of Her Majesty's graciously known desire that no ostentation whatever should be displayed on the occasion of royal drives in the town and district, and there is rarely more notice taken of the Queen's carriage passing than over an ordinary vehicle.

A Court official, on crossing the Medina one day immediately following the passage of the little floating bridge carrying Her Majesty and Princess Henry of Battenberg, remarked to a boy of about fourteen, who appeared to be but little interested in anything, if the Queen had not just crossed over to East Cowes.

"S'pose so," was the information vouched.

"But don't you love and know your Queen?"

"Yes, an' she knows we, but 'bout 'ere no one don't never take no notice of she."

A recital of the reply afterwards aroused much royal merriment, and the Cowes youngster who gave it origin is, there is reason to believe, recognised as holding the record for a combination of loving his Queen and murdering her English.

Football Skill Competition.

£100 Prize Awarded Every Week,
OR
£50 in Consolation Gifts.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 20.

No competitor was correct in this competition, and the £50 consolation gift has been divided among the following:—

George Lever, 63 George Street, Bradford, Manchester.
F. W. Sturrell, 17 Cornwall Gardens, Brunswick Avenue, Hull.
Fred B. Parsons, 23 Spring Gardens, Buxton.
Richard Hunter, Holly House, Silverdale, Lancs.
John Buckley, 8 Lorne Road, Southsea.
Arthur Chadwick, 119 Bridge, near Rochdale.
Alexr. Forbes, Mugie Moss Road, Lower Bucksburn, by Aberdeen.

The football matches named opposite will be played on Saturday February 3rd. To the competitor who names the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. If no competitor gives all the results FIFTY POUNDS will be paid in *Consolation Gifts*.

If between now and the close of the football season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times consecutively we will make him a further present of

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

FOOTBALL PRIZES of £1,000 and £100 and WEEKLY GIFTS of £50.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or PASTIMES. In the latter paper will be found valuable hints as to which side is likely to win.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's decision as final.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, February 3rd, first post.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send to "FOOTBALL No. 23," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.
5. All coupons are at senders' risk, and if they go astray, from whatever cause, we do not accept responsibility.
6. Competitors must attach their private address to their attempts. No prize will be sent to any post-office, refreshment rooms, or other place at which letters are called for. Attempts bearing such addresses will be disqualified.
7. It must be taken as a condition of the competition that anybody competing therein agrees to abide by the Editor's final decision.

You should get the football coupon in PASTIMES. It is the simplest thing of the kind. You have one forecast free and you may have as many more as you like at one penny a time with this surprising discount, viz., that you may make nine extra attempts for sixpence and eighteen for one shilling.

Football Coupon No. 23.

Matches to be played on *Saturday, February 3rd.*
Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

1 Preston North End	v 2 West Bromwich Albion.
3 Notts Forest	v 4 Sunderland.
5 Glossop	v 6 Stoke.
7 Burnley	v 8 Everton.
9 Liverpool	v 10 Blackburn Rovers.
11 Aston Villa	v 12 Derby County.
13 Newcastle United	v 14 Bury.
15 Sheffield United	v 16 Notts County.
17 Wolverhampton Wand.	v 18 Manchester City.
19 Bolton Wanderers	v 20 Small Heath.
21 Loughborough	v 22 Lincoln City.
23 Newton Heath	v 24 Sheffield Wednesday.
25 Burslem Port Vale	v 26 Leicester Fosse.
27 Middlesborough	v 28 Woolwich Arsenal.
29 Bristol City	v 30 Millwall.
31 England	v 32 Ireland (R.U.).

Name.....

Address.....

.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED

You ought to have a try at the Picture Puzzle Competition in the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.
It is the most interesting ever devised.

THE YOUNG KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

By Hon. Frederick C. Penfield, United States Consul General to Egypt.

The ruler of Egypt has ever been an interesting figure in the world's history, whether Pharaoh, Rameses, Alexander the Great, Cleopatra, Mussulman Khalif, or Mehemet Ali. As Herodotus, hundreds of years before the Christian era spoke of Egypt as containing more wonders than any other land, and pre-eminent for works hardly to be described, so it is to-day. Especially paradoxical is the political condition which designates the executive as Khedive—meaning sovereign—when in reality he is a vassal of the Sultan.

Abbas Hilmi Pasha is a not unworthy successor to the mighty personages who have guided the destinies of Egypt. Judged in the light of his own individuality and relieved of the glamour of a crown, he justifies this opinion; and the movements and utterances of no potentate attract wider notice and speculation than those of this youth, born on the July 14th, 1874.

Three and a half years ago he was a light-hearted student at the famous Theresianum College in Vienna, pursuing studies fitting him for his exalted future. He is mentioned as a conscientious pupil, popular with masters and associates. Desiring to familiarise himself with the life of soldier and artisan, it was the Emperor's pleasure to provide the means for practically acquiring knowledge, giving the Prince an understanding of callings and measures to be utilised in the positions which, in the sequence of events, he was destined some day to fill.

In the midst of this work, at a time when he believed and hoped he had many years for study and travel, the news was flashed from Cairo to the Austrian capital, on January 7th, 1892, that

TEWFIK PASHA HAD DIED

suddenly, and that Prince Abbas had been proclaimed Khedive of Egypt. Thus ended abruptly his happy student days, and he had to exchange the outspoken language of youth for the carefully-considered phrases of the ruler of a country in a measure administered, not by one, but by half-a-dozen alien nations.

His primary education had been conducted with strictness. An English governess taught the rudiments of our language, and his august father, taking great pride in his schooling, brought special tutors from England. An American officer in the Egyptian Army—now in the Consular service of the United States—was detailed to take charge of the lad's military training. His brother, Prince Mehemet Ali, a year younger, shared all these advantages.

The Khedive established a small school near the Abdin Palace, with European professors together with Arab and Turkish masters, to which the illustrious boys went daily, until Prince Abbas, at the age of twelve, was sent to the celebrated Haxius school at Geneva, where the elementary course fitting him for the Theresianum was completed.

Elevation to a throne has not obliterated the memory of companionships at Geneva and Vienna, for when His Highness feels sufficiently acquainted with his caller to lay aside formalities, should the visitor be English, he will recall many pleasant associations with English boys, mentioning them by name when speaking of their attractive qualities.

Had not Abbas been

CALLED TO THE THRONE,

he was to have visited the United States with his brother in 1893, spending several weeks at the Chicago Exposition, and, later, seeing Washington and the industrial centres of which they had heard so much. Prince Abbas has visited every capital in Europe, with the exception of Madrid and Lisbon. He has even travelled to the North Cape and seen the midnight sun, but, he told me with a smile, has never made the ascent of the Ghizeh Pyramids, which overlook Cairo.

The linguistic talent of the Khedive will be particularly striking to Englishmen, especially those who regard a prince's training as purely ornamental. During the course of an "audience day" it frequently happens that he discusses questions of policy with the British diplomatic agent in excellent English, with the representative of France in faultless French, and the German consul-general in the best Viennese German. Later he conducts affairs with the Sultan's high commissioner in Turkish, and concludes the official day by presiding over a council of ministers, when all sorts of intricate details are arranged in Arabic, the native tongue in Egypt, and one of the most difficult of languages. The evening may see His Highness at the theatre, listening with pleasure and understanding the opera rendered in Italian.

He is a strict disciplinarian—reflecting doubtless his Austrian training—but is just, considerate, and kind. State and show he dislikes, but insists on receiving the full deference due to his position. It is related that in childhood, the two boys in addressing each other, invariably employed the full title, as Prince Abbas Bey, and Prince Mehemet Ali Bey. On one occasion, however, the younger was inclined to be indolent and shirk his lesson. "Come, Prince," said the tutor, "it must be done." Abbas Bey at once exclaimed: "Prince, indeed! He is no prince when idle—he is only a fellah!"

One privileged to meet His Highness is led through files of saluting soldiers in smart blue uniforms, if it be winter, at Abdin Palace in Cairo, or in white uniforms, if it be summer, at the Palace of Ras-el-Teen in Alexandria, to the audience chamber. He is greeted in a manner stamping the Khedive's simplicity of taste and geniality. When the visitor's hand is released he is motioned to a seat on the divan with his Highness, whose face is full and round, with the complexion of a Circassian browned by out-of-door pastimes. Photographs give no idea of the wonder of the face, which comes from eyes of light hazel flashing every emotion.

He is not tall, and the figure tends to stoutness. He is exceedingly alert, agreeable, and possesses unmistakable magnetism. In his dress there is nothing Oriental, save the inevitable red tarboosh never removed from the head. The clothes might be those of a young man about town not exacting the very latest cut. Jewellery and glossy boots are not in evidence, except on occasions when his Highness wears the uniform of Commander-in-Chief of the army with jewelled orders and sword.

The caller soon discovers he is dealing with no amateur of life and affairs, but with one whose responsible position has forced a precocious maturity, for manner and words are those of a man of forty. He has an excellent memory, quickly grasps the point of a question, and a few minutes' conversation shows him to have a good insight into current events. It is the firmly set mouth that indicates the quality called determination, said to be inherited from his exiled grandfather Ismail.

As an example to his people, especially the class designated "young Egypt," the Khedive never disobeys the command of the Koran by

TASTING WINES OR SPIRITS.

And the example is carried further, for he is a total abstainer from tobacco, which, in a land where nearly everybody smokes cigarettes incessantly, means much.

A striking phase of character for one so young, and occupying a conspicuous position before the world, is the manner in which he dissociates private life from Khedivial station. When official hours at Abdin are finished, a cavalry guard escorts him to the Palace of Koubbeh, five miles out of Cairo, on the edge of the desert, and close to the site of the ancient Heliopolis. There is little suggesting princely state about Koubbeh, save the soldiers. It resembles the seat of a well-conditioned family of country tastes. The presence of His Highness is indicated by the scarlet flag bearing the three-fold star and crescent.

Koubbeh Palace is also the favourite home of the Khedive's mother, who, until he takes a wife, is the first lady of the land. The Khediviah-Mother has with her the young princesses, Hadjat and Nimet, sisters of the Khedive, and aged eighteen and sixteen respectively. The widowed Vicereine is described as beautiful, accomplished and still young; but, living in strict Mohammedan seclusion, and never appearing in public but with veiled face, her acquaintances are

LIMITED TO HER OWN SEX.

For Koubbeh the Khedive has imported farm machinery to prove the advantages of tilling with modern appliances. There are extensive stables, dairy, poultry-yard, and kennels, supplied with selected animals and fowls from Europe. For the workpeople there is a model village, with mosque, school, and meeting-place, where discussion is encouraged after the "lyceum" idea—all supported by the Khedive to demonstrate the benefits of order, cleanliness, and community of interests. The native fire brigade, with English apparatus, would be a credit anywhere.

So keen is the Khedive's interest in horses that, from his private purse, he maintains a commission to improve horse breeding. He offers valuable prizes at horse shows held in different sections, and himself makes entries for the races during the season in Cairo, when it not infrequently happens that his colours are carried to victory by his Arabic jockey. He enjoys driving, and may often be met in a mail phaeton in the outskirts of Cairo, himself holding the reins and accompanied by one or more of his aides-de-camp.

With the coming of summer, the Khedivial household moves to Alexandria, and so numerous are the attendants and extensive the impediments, that

SIX RAILWAY TRAINS.

are necessary. His Highness, with his ministers, goes in state in an observation saloon car of American construction, costing £12,000. The historic Ras-el-Teen, built by Mehemet Ali, the great founder of the dynasty, and lying under the shadow of the Pharos of Ptolemy, the earliest lighthouse in the world, is treated by the Khedive simply as an official palace.

The instinct which attaches him to the home life at Koubbeh has led him to construct far out on the Mediterranean shore a villa called Montaza, free from intrusion by sea and land. Thither go his mother and sisters, and the family life, with artistic and musical surroundings, is maintained in charming simplicity. Perplexities arising from conferences at Ras-el-Teen are left in the precincts of the old palace.

The diversions of Montaza are many. A mile to the eastward is the Bay of Aboukir, made famous by Nelson's victory. The domain is stocked with game, for his Highness is an enthusiastic sportsman. In a remote corner is the camp of a camel corps, the pride of the Khedive, whose Bedouin riders are trained marksmen, and with whom he makes long journeys into the desert. He bears any amount of fatigue, not hesitating to be on the march with this caravan from sunrise to sunset.

The harbour at Montaza shelters pleasure craft, including a small steamer that conveys its master to Alexandria, when he chooses the sea to special train or carriage.

The Khedivial yacht *Mahroussa* is perhaps the largest in the world. For voyaging to Constantinople or elsewhere when not on missions of state, a steam yacht of 700 tons named *Safa-el-Bahr*—Joy of the Sea—was built in Scotland.

In a nautical talk the Khedive told me he was not the best of sailors, and instanced that sad winter voyage when summoned from Vienna to assume the rulership of Egypt.

Kingly etiquette demanded that Francis Joseph placed a steamer at his disposal, with an escort of dignitaries of the Austrian court. The vessel was old, "perhaps fifty years old, and very small," said his Highness. Violent storms had made the Adriatic and Mediterranean turbulent, and the journey from Trieste was trying. High seas retarded progress, even the ship's officers wished themselves ashore. Brindisi reached, Abbas's desire to wait for calmer weather found expression.

"I must not stop, your Highness," was the Admiral's answer. "It is the Majesty's command that no time be lost, and the etiquette must be preserved."

Approaching the peaceful harbours of Greece, the Khedivial request was repeated. Again

THE PUNCTILIOUS COMMANDER REPLIED:

"The etiquette must be observed, for it is His Majesty's order."

This was too much for the poor Khedive, whose thoughts were on other things, and he remarked to the ceremonious officer: "Etiquette is well enough in its place; but His Majesty is not on board—he is comfortable in Vienna."

The voyage occupied eight days, and, barring weather, was successfully finished.

The Khedive of Egypt does not claim infallibility, but realises, like his seniors, that administrative mistakes are easily made. But the desire to promote the welfare of his country is his controlling thought, and under his guidance the people have a happy prospect.

His private wealth is very great, as is that of the entire Khedivial family. His personal allowance from the Government is £100,000 a year, and a larger sum is appropriated for the others and apportioned by him.

A CIGAR had been defined as a thing with a light at one end and a fool at the other, but somehow the fool never feels so much like a fool as he does when he gets himself and the light at the same end.

IF YOU PLAY FOOTBALL, SIGN THE COUPON ON THE FRONT PAGE.

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of **£1,000**—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1900.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist or football player who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, or playing football, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1900, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 24 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

When you ask your fiancee to "name the day" you might ask her to fill up the coupon on page 495, and so kill two birds with one stone.

How Many Boers are there?

WHEN THE BOERS FOUND THAT THEY HAD EIGHTY THOUSAND MEN THEY WERE PROBABLY AS SURPRISED AS WE SINCE HAVE BEEN.

THE reason which led this country, and, indeed, every other country as well, to greatly under-estimate the strength of the Boer forces at the commencement of the war, is puzzling and vexatious—puzzling, because the Boer executive were apparently as much in the dark as to the number of men they could put into the field as ourselves; and vexatious, because considering the amount of secret service money which has been spent during recent years to keep the authorities well posted as to what was going on, none of our emissaries, from the late British resident at Pretoria, down to the humblest spy who hung about the magazines where the munitions of war were stored, seem to have had an inkling of the truth.

The suspicion that our spies may have been bribed by Boer gold to deceive us may be dismissed at once, for sources of information open to these persons could not long have escaped the attention of higher representatives. Besides, if the Boers deliberately supplied us with false reports as to their numbers in order

TO LURE US INTO A WAR,

which they believed would end by our expulsion from South Africa, they would not have commenced doing so till the development of the Johannesburg gold mines enabled them to arm themselves with the very latest weapons; and, further still, it is not likely that a secret census of the people could have been taken without our agents having discovered what was going on.

In computing the population of the Transvaal, therefore, it is evident that we have had to rely on published statistics. The most recent census was that taken at the time of the last Presidential Election, which fixed the total, exclusive of Boers in Johannesburg, at about 103,000. This, of course, we now know to have been ridiculously below the mark, but it does not follow that the error was committed with any idea of deceiving us, because at that time the Boer's dream of regaining his independence could not have proceeded very far, and, what is more important, neither of the Boer parties would have consented to any tampering of figures which would decide the election of President, lest their side should be the sufferer.

Still, the census was not trustworthy. In statistics deliberately framed to mislead—whether by accident or design does not matter—the first thing to do in order to arrive at the truth is to consider the character and disposition of the persons implicated.

Let us begin with the Boer farmer. At first sight, a vote which gives its possessor a share in choosing not only representatives but the President himself, should be regarded as a very precious privilege. That the Boer loves his country is undoubted, and that he is willing to fight for its independence also cannot be denied; but for all this he has a perfect horror of taxes.

There is nothing strange in this, for we ourselves regard taxes—especially parish ones—with such aversion that if the whole nation were polled as to whether they would consent to be disfranchised providing their taxes were removed, a very large number, if not, indeed, an absolute majority,

WOULD SACRIFICE THE VOTE.

No one can doubt this in view of the fact that, even as it is, a large proportion of householders fail to record their vote at election times. So here we have an entire population ready to avail themselves of every opportunity afforded them of evading payment of taxes because they know that what they will not pay Johannesburg must.

Let us suppose that a field-cornet sends order to a Boer farmer to register himself within a certain specified time.

It is very easy to imagine the disconsolate and affrighted burgher communing with his vrouw, a lady as suspicious as himself, and coming, after much coffee drinking, to the conclusion, that registration concealed some deep and new design for raiding his secret hoard, and that were the Government really in want of money it would be as easy for them, did he register himself, to tax his cattle, sheep, and produce, as himself.

In this state of mind he is visited a little later by the field-cornet in person, who has called to inquire why his orders have not been complied with. These men are, as a rule, fierce, not to say rabid politicians. Religion and politics go hand in hand in the Transvaal; so, supposing the official calling on this tax-hating Boer happened to belong to what is known, in contradistinction to the Doppers, as the Progressive party, he would naturally strive to do all he could to secure the vote.

When he discovered that the farmer did not share his political opinions he would not of course feel so keen about seeing his name on the register as he otherwise would.

The Boer, as we know, is not devoid of cunning, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see that the farmer, noting and probably knowing that his visitor was greatly interested in the election, would express his willingness to efface himself altogether, provided taxes were not levied. "If I am registered," he would say ominously, "I shall vote against your man."

The question then arises, would the suppression of a hater of taxation keep off the Census papers other grown-up males in his household?

Great numbers of the Boer farms reach 10,000 acres and some even 20,000 acres. They are so far apart that when a Boer marries into a family living at some distance, he frequently takes up his residence with his bride's parents. As the sons also bring home their wives, a farmer, who bribed a field-cornet to keep his name off the lists at the last census, suppressed in addition about thirty other people, of whom ten were in all probability

ABLE TO HANDLE A RIFLE.

To the numbers who surrender their civic existence in the way we have described must be added the wandering Boers who, retaining the nomadic instincts of their race, avoid all field-cornets in the belief that registration implies some evil or other. These Boers live in waggons like our gipsies, and obtain a livelihood by hunting in the bush and low-lying districts during certain periods of the year, and looking after the herds of their richer brethren at other seasons.

Were there any other way for corrupt field-cornets to enrich themselves except by fingering the taxes, the conclusions we have arrived at might be open to doubt, but our arguments seem so natural that it is highly probable that the Boers entered on this war relying for success not on their numbers, but on the following conditions:

1. The difficult nature of the country.
2. The certainty that we should trust mainly to infantry.
3. The quality and abundance of their munitions of war, and
4. The intervention of Europe.

It is more than likely that they were as surprised at their numbers as we have been.

Follow up Influenza with Bovril.

The stage where Bovril is required.

The greatest danger of Influenza is its after-effects. The system gets run down, the blood impoverished, and the whole tone lowered. Want of attention to food, and neglect of ordinary precautions at this stage, are responsible for most of the serious complications that follow Influenza.

Necessary as it is to maintain the invalid's strength during the attack, immediately the temperature falls is the time to see specially to the "feeding up" of the patient. It is now, more than ever, that a liberal use of Bovril should be resorted to. It is now, more than ever, that no dependence should be placed upon Beef Tea or ordinary Extract of Meat, which alike possess the stimulative properties of meat. Bovril contains not only the stimulative but also the nutritive properties of the finest ox beef the world produces.

Invalids must be fed, and those who are unable to take solids must have liquid food—true food; not food in name only. Stimulants alone, like ordinary Beef Tea or Meat Extract, cannot possibly sustain vitality. Bovril will do this.

BOVRIL

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

A Simple Cure for Neuralgia is to place a small mustard plaster on the elbow, and to leave it till the skin is red.

A Linseed Poultice should always be applied next to the skin. If carefully made, this will not be unpleasant, and the oil has great healing properties.

Dainty Sandwiches for Afternoon Tea. Cut some thin slices of brown bread, spread half with lemon curd, and half with clotted cream. Press together, cut into fancy slices, and serve piled on a folded napkin.

Salted Almonds. Place half an ounce of butter in an omelet pan; when it is dissolved add half a pound of almonds nicely blanched, shake them about till they are slightly brown; take them out, drain on paper, and scatter salt over.

Linseed Tea is by no means an unpleasant drink, and many invalids find it extremely refreshing. To make it, take three tablespoonfuls of whole linseed, add one pint of water, and boil for ten minutes. Strain off the water, and pour it into a jug containing two sliced lemons; sweeten to taste with brown sugar or honey.

Brittle Nails are, I know, a great annoyance, for they splinter perpetually and are so uncomfortable. Apply this mixture at night and sleep in gloves. *Ointment*: Lanoline, half an ounce; vaseline, a quarter of an ounce; and olive oil, five drops. Mix carefully, and add a few drops of any perfume liked. (*Reply to* MANICURE.)

For Filling Cracks in the Floor. Make a paste of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly mix this, and boil. Soak small pieces of newspaper in this till the mixture is as thick as putty. Then force into the cracks with a knife, and it will harden like papier-maché. (*Reply to* JAMES.)

A Dish for Early Dinner. Where a hot dinner is appreciated, liver and onions will find a welcome. Cut some lamb's or calf's liver into slices a third of an inch thick. Dip in flour seasoned with pepper, and salt and fry carefully. When the liver is half cooked, put in some sliced onions, and let them fry till coloured. Place the onions in the centre of the dish in a heap, then the slices of liver round, and over them pour some rich brown gravy.

Welsh Rarebit. This is an excellent recipe and I hope it is not too late to be of use to you. Lack of space prevented its insertion before. Put into a small sauce-pan a quarter of a pound of rich, mild cheese, sliced, or Gloucester and grated Parmesan mixed, two ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of beer or cream, half a teaspoonful of made mustard and a little salt. Stir till melted and smooth, beat in one whisked egg, and pour over buttered toast. Serve immediately on a hot-water dish. (*Reply to* CHELTENHAM.)

Orange Brandy Liqueur. This recipe comes from an old country house, where it has been used for many years, and has a great reputation. To half a gallon of the strongest brandy, put the rinds of nine fine Seville oranges and a pound and a half of powdered or finely broken sugar candy. Let the brandy remain on the peel and candy in a stone jar for a month (the jar must be shaken constantly) then draw it off and bottle for use; it will, if required, be fit to drink at once, but is really improved by remaining on the peel one year. The liqueur will keep for years if tightly corked and sealed, and I advise those of my readers who like liqueurs to carry out this recipe at once.

Rice Snowballs. You say you want a simple yet pretty sweet for your little girl's party. Try rice snowballs; there is nothing in them to hurt the most delicate child and they have a very dainty appearance. By all means write and let me hear how the party goes off; I am always delighted to hear from my readers. Please accept my best wishes for its success. Now, here is a recipe: Boil six ounces of Carolina rice in a quart of milk till quite soft, then flavour, and sweeten to taste. Pour it into oiled or buttered teacups. When cold, turn the rice out, arrange on a glass dish, and pour round the snowballs a pint of custard; from the top of each ball take a small spoonful of rice, and in its place put some bright jelly or preserve. The custard should be flavoured to correspond with the rice. (*Reply to* MOTHER.)

Egg Shells should be put in the stock-pot, as they clear the soup.

Grated Lemon Peel is a great improvement to rhubarb tart.

Prick Potatoes before baking, so that the air may escape and the tubers may not burst.

Browned Flour is invaluable for thickening gravies. To make it, spread the flour deep on a baking-tin in the oven. Stir it constantly till it is browned evenly. When cold, keep on a tin for use.

Seville Trifle. Squeeze the juice of two sweet oranges and two lemons, add two ounces of sugar and half a pint of cold water. Lay four sponge cakes in a dish, soak them with the liquor, then stick them with split almonds, and cover with custard or whipped cream.

Leek Soup is very delicious, and can be made when the vegetable is getting rather too old for boiling. Take six large leeks, wash them, and slice the white part. Place them in a sauce-pan with two quarts of white stock, a head of celery, and half a carrot. Boil together, skim very carefully, and then stand the pot at the side of the fire for two hours. Pass all the white vegetable through a sieve, season with pepper and salt and serve.

A Lacquer is what you need to preserve the brass; this, if rubbed constantly with a soft cloth, will keep in excellent condition. Make it as follows: Take of rectified spirits of wine two quarts, and three pounds of seed lac, picked very clean and clear of all black and brown specks and pieces. If this is not clean, the whole appearance will be spoilt. Put the two together, place in a bottle, cork tightly, keep warm, and shake often. (*Reply to* F., Cornwall.)

Bad Coloured Sheets, such as you describe, the result of bad washing and insufficient rinsing, will require weeks of careful laundrying before they will look nice again. If you can do so, after washing, leave them on the grass on a frosty night to bleach. Each washing will show a slight improvement in colour. (*Reply to* E. V. P.)

Plaice Pie, Select a good sized plaice for this dish, and cut each fillet in one or two pieces, according to size. Grease a pie-dish, and sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs and chopped parsley. Lay some plaice in it and dust with a suspicion of cayenne and salt. Then add more breadcrumbs and more fish till the dish is full. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon over it and add sufficient gravy to just moisten the fish. Cover with breadcrumbs, and put some little bits of butter on the top. Bake in a quick oven for half-an-hour. Serve hot.

Broiled Kidneys are delicious for breakfast and I feel sure your husband will appreciate them. Take as many kidneys as you require, skin them, split them open lengthwise, keep them flat by running a fine skewer through them. Season them with pepper, rub a little butter on them and put them on the gridiron, the cut sides downwards. Turn them every three or four minutes till cooked. Have ready a little pat of butter, blended with chopped parsley and a few drops of lemon-juice, and spread on the middle of every kidney. Serve a slice of fried bacon with each kidney. (*Reply to* TED'S WIFE.)

About Feeding Bottles. These should always be kept most scrupulously clean, and the long-tubed variety avoided. It is nearly impossible to thoroughly clean a very small india-rubber tube which has boiled food passing constantly through it, and if at all impure with stale sediment, the baby instantly suffers. Modern science has given back to us the old-fashioned flat feeding-bottle, with just an india-rubber teat. Besides being easily cleansed, this has another advantage: it must be held while the child feeds, and consequently the food can be regulated and not consumed too fast, as any strong infant generally elects to do. There are many evils which arise from putting baby in his cot with a feeding-bottle, as mothers have found out by bitter experience.

Fish Salad. I cannot understand your complaint that fish is so abundant you don't know what to do with it. If you study the matter you will find endless varieties of ways of cooking it, beyond the ordinary boiling and frying. Try fish salad, which is an excellent way of using up cold cod, brill or hake. Cut the fish in neat firm pieces, removing all bone and skin. Make a nice salad of lettuce and cucumber if you have it, and arrange the fish on the top. Now prepare the dressing. Place an egg in a basin, and stir smoothly one way, adding very slowly a tablespoonful and a half of oil, then a dessertspoonful of vinegar, and flavour with white pepper and salt. A few capers are acceptable to some. Put this carefully over the salad, scatter chopped capers on the mayonnaise, and serve. (*Reply to* FISHWIFE.)

Isobel

1900. JAN.					FEBRUARY.					MARCH.				
M		7	14	21	28	M		4	11	18	25	M		4	11	18	25
T	1	8	15	22	29	T		5	12	19	26	T		5	12	19	26
W	2	9	16	23	30	W		6	13	20	27	W		6	13	20	27
T	3	10	17	24	31	T	1	7	14	21	28	T	1	7	14	21	28
F	4	11	18	25		F	2	8	15	22		F	2	8	15	22	29
S	5	12	19	26		S	3	9	16	23		S	3	9	16	23	30
S	6	13	20	27		S	3	10	17	24		S	3	10	17	24	31

APRIL.						MAY.						JUNE.						JULY.						AUGUST.					
M	2	9	16	23	30	M		7	14	21	28	M		4	11	18	25	M	2	9	16	23	30	M		6	13	20	27
T	3	10	17	24		T	1	8	15	22	29	T		5	12	19	26	T	3	10	17	24	31	T		7	14	21	28
W	4	11	18	25		W	2	9	16	23	30	W		6	13	20	27	W	4	11	18	25		W	1	8	15	22	29
T	5	12	19	26		T	3	10	17	24	31	T		7	14	21	28	T	5	12	19	26		T	2	9	16	23	30
F	6	13	20	27		F	4	11	18	25		F	1	8	15	22	29	F	6	13	20	27		F	3	10	17	24	31
S	7	14	21	28		S	5	12	19	26		S	2	9	16	23	30	S	7	14	21	28		S	4	11	18	25	

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we intend to reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. We shall give careful consideration to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE proper course for the man with a little money to pursue, is to look beyond the war. It may be going to last for a twelvemonth, or it may be going to break up in May, which is the date most generally anticipated. In the meantime, stocks will fluctuate, and all sorts of rumours will prevail; but, when once the whole business is over, investments will gradually attain their proper level, whatever it may be.

So far, Home Railways have been the least affected by the war, as the trade of the country has not in any way suffered. The stock in this department which is most suggestive of improvement is Dover "A." At present, it is paying a poor dividend, but it stands at about par, and it must not be forgotten that the French Exhibition this year must prove a great source of increased income to the Southern Lines; and most of the French traffic goes over the South-Eastern. This stock cannot very well fall much lower, and might easily improve to a considerable extent during the present year.

IT is foolish of holders of Consols to throw away their stock simply because they are afraid of a new issue to pay for the war. It is understood that a sum of twenty million pounds is wanted immediately by the Government, but this will not be raised by an issue of Consols, but by the issue of Treasury Bills, although a new Government loan may ultimately be necessary. We have always inclined to the view that a special Transvaal loan would be the popular way to pay for the war; but, of course, this could not be floated until after the Boers had been defeated. Consols below par must always be a temptation to investors.

THE small investor may turn with a fair amount of confidence to Industrials, especially those which have been depressed or overlooked owing to the tightness of money. Theatres, music-halls, and restaurants are bound to have a bad time, because they appeal to the classes who have leisure and money to spare, and they are just now averse to indulge in little pleasures of the kind. But such undertakings as Bovril, Liptons, Draperies, Stores, and Banks are all doing as well, if not better business than was the case before the war, and they are not likely to be interfered with to any extent after it is over.

THE best speculative investment in Colonial Railways for the moment is Grand Trunk Guaranteed. This has been allowed to fall too far, and, at its present price, yields about five per cent on the money. Nobody supposes that there is the least danger of the full four per cent, not being regularly paid in the future.

THE cheapest gilt-edged investment which is now to be bought on the market is the Midland Railway Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Perpetual Preference Stock, which stands at about 85. At this figure it includes interest for the past six months, so that its actual yield is about 3 per cent. Such a stock cannot hope to rise much in price, but it is difficult to get any other Home Railway Preference to yield more than 2¾ per cent.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

"A. C. H. W."—The circular promising fifty per cent. per annum on money invested is obviously nonsense. We cannot sympathise with you for having lost your money, as you should not have been so foolish as to believe such an absurd statement.——"Quex."—We do not think you should try to get five per cent. on your £1,500. At the same time, your list of investments is fairly good, but there is a little too much of the American Railroad in it. After all, you could not do better than divide your money between North-Easterns, North-Westerns, Metropolitans, and some of the better-class Argentine Railways, such as Buenos Ayres and Pacific Preferences.——"Inquirer."—There is no market for Volenite shares. If you can get rid of them, you had better do so.——"W. E."—We send you the name of an investment broker, as requested.——"Cuckoo."—You can see a list of shareholders in any company at Somerset House on the payment of a small fee. If you are a shareholder, you can demand to see the register at the Company's office.——"W. G."—(1) The Economist. (2) Caledonian Deferred is low enough. (3) Liptons are worth holding. (4) Building Societies are unsuitable for investments.——"Stationmaster."—Of the stocks that have been left you, we can see none that you need sell. They are all first-class, and not likely to depreciate.——"Bobs."—The various little Mining shares about which you ask should be avoided. In touching mines, it is wise to be very careful to choose only those in which there is a free market.——"G. H. S."—Your friend who tells you that you can get 10 per cent. by speculating in stocks evidently knows nothing about it. You would be much more likely to loose the whole of your money.——"W. Hackney."—Among the best of the small South African Mines to buy are Barretts and North Charterlands.——"England."—We do not look upon Kempinkoto shares as in any way promising to buy.—"H. G."—Provident Association Bonds are anything but a safe investment——"E. D. S."—Spier's and Pond's 5 per cent. Preferences are quite good to hold, though we do not anticipate any improvement in the price.——"Civis."—We think you will find that Associateds will improve in due course. Welsbach Deferreds cannot hope for any dividend this year. In regard to the Associated property, we understand that the chairman is about to visit it to see what is the best course to take.——"J. P. C."—Steamship Company shares are not the most suitable investment for you. There must always be a great deal of risk in the way of earnings.——"J. W. B."—Smelting Corporation shares are not a particularly good security to hold.——"J. G. L."—The Benefit Trust you mention is a concern which is best left alone.——"W. F."—Vinolia Soap Preferences may be regarded as a fairly safe investment to hold.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pastimes	6 6	3 3	1 8
Illustrated War News	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dressmaking at Home	3 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

A Peep into the Stomach.

About sixty years ago, Dr. Beaumont, of the United States Army, happened to come across a young Canadian boatman named Alexis St. Martin. In a skirmish in which the Doctor's regiment was engaged, this St. Martin received a gunshot wound in the lower part of the Chest wall, which healed up, leaving an opening that led directly into the Stomach.

Dr. Beaumont seized the opportunity which had so curiously come in his way. He engaged St. Martin as his servant, and the young man allowed all sorts of experiments to be performed upon his Digestive Organs. Different articles of food were eaten by St. Martin, and the action of the Gastric Juice upon them in the Stomach was carefully watched.

The results of these experiments, showing the relative digestibility of various articles of Food, are given in a Tabulated Statement in our Book entitled "What to Eat and What to Avoid." As a result of more recent investigation by artificial means, the period is also shown which these same articles take to digest, if, after each meal, a dose of Guy's Tonic be taken. We shall be pleased to send a copy of this Booklet, post free, to any reader of "Pearson's Weekly" who applies for it to Guy's Tonic Company, 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

This Guide to Digestion cannot fail to bring home, with most convincing force, the immense value of Guy's Tonic in all weakness of the Digestive Organs. By reference it will be seen that one of the most indigestible articles of food is pork. When roasted it takes 5 hours and 20 minutes to digest, but if a dose of Guy's Tonic be taken after its consumption, it will then be digested in 4 hours and 5 minutes; in other words, in exactly 1 hour and 15 minutes less time than it would have taken without the help of the Tonic. Guy's Tonic contains the active ingredients and digestive qualities of the Gastric Juice in a highly-concentrated and permanent form.

Guy's Tonic is of the most positive value in all Stomach Disorders, bringing about a better Appetite, greater enjoyment of Food, and accomplishing the Digestion of the latter, both in the Stomach, in the first instance, and its redigestion in the Tissues, where Nerve force and Vital power for the Body are created from Food.

The Pain and Suffering avoided by the use of Guy's Tonic is a strong incentive for you to use it; it prevents those Stomachic Ailments and errors of Digestion which cause Flatulence, Sourness, unpleasant Breath, coated Tongue, Biliousness, Sick Headache, and the like, whilst the relief it affords in Nerve attacks and Neuralgia completes the circle of good work it is the province of Guy's Tonic to effect.

A Correspondent, whose signed letter, giving full address, may be seen at the head office of Guy's Tonic Company, 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W., writes:

"It is with the greatest pleasure I now write to thank you for the great "good your valuable Tonic has done my Wife.

"She has for Four Years suffered on and off very much with Indigestion, "it being so bad at times as to confine her to bed for a few days, and at "others she has not been fit for anything, hardly having any strength to "move, and being quite unable to keep down any Food for several days at a "time. Doctors have done her no good, although she has had a great deal "of medicine from them. A fortnight ago my Wife had another attack of "Indigestion, which stopped her from eating for several days, besides "making her so weak she could with difficulty do her housework, and one or "two days she had to lay on the bed for two or three hours.

"It was then I bought a 1s. bottle of Guy's Tonic, thinking, 'Well, if it "does no good it will not be much money wasted.' When I got home I "gave her a dose, and when about two hours after she said, 'My pain is "much better, I want something to eat,' I was much surprised. Moreover, "after taking all the small bottle of Guy's Tonic all the Pain in the Chest "and Stomach had gone; so I got a larger bottle (2s. 9d. size), and after "taking one or two doses out of it my Wife's Appetite returned. She now "takes four meals a day, and eats heartily. Several people have remarked "how bright she looks since she has taken Guy's Tonic, and I cannot tell "you how grateful I am for the good it has done. I shall never be without "it while I have the money to buy it. I do not wish my name and address "to be published."

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation of Simple Vegetable origin. It is employed with excellent Results in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists' and Stores.

DON'T COUGH

USE

KEATING'S LOZENGES.

"94, COMMERCIAL ROAD, PECKHAM, *July 12th*, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your Lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

The above speaks for itself. From strict enquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Under date Sept. 8th, 1891, Mr. Hill writes: "I should long since have been dead but for your Lozenges—*they are worth their weight in gold*. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."

KEATING'S LOZENGES are sold in tins, 1s. 1½d. each. The unrivalled remedy for **COUGHS, HOARSENESS** and **THROAT TROUBLES.**

ASK FOR

"WHITE LABEL"

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

AN

"OLD" SAUCE

No. 1.

MELLOWED AND SOFTENED LIKE OLD WINE BY LONG AND CAREFUL STORAGE.

J. A. SHARWOOD & CO. LTD. PROPRIETORS

LONDON

...15/-, 21/-, &c., per suit-length, in ...Worsteds, Serges, Trouserings, Vicunas, Tweeds.

SPLENDID SUIT LENGTHS

Write for patterns, post free, A. L. LITTLEWOOD, Cloth Manufacturer, Honley, Huddersfield.

"HOW TO SPECULATE SUCCESSFULLY IN WAR TIME."

Important article and advice contained in this week's Stock Market Report just issued, post free, by the

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE LTD.

4 THROGMORTON ST., E.C.

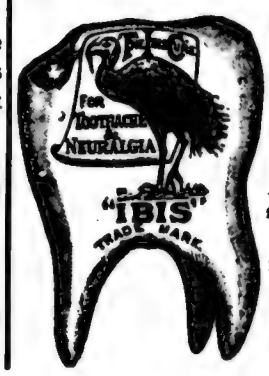
Advances on Mining Shares at Six per Cent.

Telegrams—"PYRENARILY, LONDON."

HAVE YOU ECZEMA? OR ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

If you have, Use "ARISEMIS" It gives immediate relief as soon as applied and ultimately cures. Sold by chemists and stores, or post free for 1/3 and 2/9 from the Arisemis Co., 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

Write, naming this paper, for a FREE TRIAL SAMPLE.



"IBIS" Ease soon as applied. Bottles, 1/1½, all Chemists.

"WHITE ASH" TOOTH POWDER for Natural and False Teeth. Boxes 6d. All Chemists. EITHER, post free from A. ROBINSON L.D.S., *Dentist*, 59 Seymour St., Liverpool.

THE FAMOUS

"Mab" Dwarf Razor

The description given of the little "Mab" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. The "Mab" is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark "The Mab," or you will be disappointed.

..PRICE..

Black Handle..2/6
Ivory ,, ..3/6

PAIR IN CASE,

Black 7/6
Ivory 9/6

Sent Post free same day as ordered.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., BIRMINGHAM.

PAMPHLET & ADVICE FREE

ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Should write without delay for

"HEALTH, THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE."

Post Free to any address on application, it contains particulars of the treatment of Nervous Weakness, Brain Fag, &c. It also contains a selection from the thousands of testimonials received in favour of the

ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

Advice Free of charge (personally or by letter). Note address, and WRITE TO-DAY to

THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Ltd., 489, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

FINAL FLICKERS.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page.

SEVERAL of my correspondents, having noticed that the City of London Volunteers received the freedom of the City before starting for the front, have asked me if there are any advantages pertaining to this distinction.————It is a great honour for the recipient, but the advantages at the present day are practically nil; the freeman has the right to vote in civic elections and has his patronymic inscribed on the roll which bears so many famous names. If you are a freeman of a particular City Company, you have the chance of applying for certain benefits—annuities, the education of your children in some school or institution, and so on. In former days the freedom of the City was of much more practical importance; for one thing you were not allowed to trade within its jurisdiction unless you were a freeman.

C. E. O. sends me the following interesting communication: "Here is rather a curious fact about the travels of a portion of your most interesting paper, *P.W.* I have just returned from Canada to Guernsey, and some letters from the latter place reached Canada after I had left, so were re-directed here, one of which contained a piece of *P.W.* inclosed. It returned safely until within two miles of Guernsey, when it went down in the s.s. *Ibex* on the 5th of this month. Seven days after, when some of the mails were recovered, it reached its destination soaked, with the writing from the letter printed thereon, and I am keeping it as a relic."

B. R.—The employés of the brickworks on the southern precincts of Vienna are probably in a worse condition than any other class of white slaves. They work hard, and they live in miserable hovels or shelters, for which they pay an exorbitant rent to the employer; it is by no means uncommon to see five or six families living in one moderate-sized room, where the cooking for all is done, and where a chalk line marks the portion allotted to each family.

J. E.—Students of human nature assert that, among the male population of every country, thirty per cent. of those able to fight and fit for service will not fight under any circumstances whatever. They may be sent towards an enemy in the midst of a strong column, but they will not fight, not even when charged by cavalry or fierce spearmen; they will throw up their hands and surrender or run, as the Egyptians did under the ill-fated Hicks Pasha. Such men as these will not enlist, and, when pressed into service by conscription or commandeering, they weaken, rather than strengthen, the army into which they are drafted. In this respect the British Army is consequently better off than any other; it has never been urged against Tommy Atkins that he will not fight.

SUNFLOWER.—The Danes have achieved great success in dairy farming, and it is asserted that the quality of Danish butter is largely due to the feeding of cattle on sunflower cake. There is more nutriment in the seed of the sunflower than one would imagine, and British farmers might try the experiment.

HERE is another fact concerning "Phantom Armies." S. W. D. writes: "During the Crimean War a friend of mine and his mate were on a barge on the Glamorgan Canal, waiting for a cargo of rails. It was a beautifully light morning, about three o'clock, when the two men saw in the sky the picture of two armies marching towards each other, with cannons and all the equipment of war, just as one would see them on earth. Both men are still living, and I have heard the story from them on many occasions."

SHOT.—The following details about H.M.S. *Vengeance*, launched a few months ago, will give you an idea of the quantity of projectiles that could be discharged from a warship. A broadside from this vessel would mean the discharge of four 50-ton guns, each firing 850lb. projectiles, six 6-inch quick-firing guns firing 100lb. projectiles, and six other guns firing 12lb. shots, as well as six Maxims. 11,000lb. of metal could be projected at one moment from the sides of the *Vengeance*. Twenty such vessels firing together would belch forth 190 tons of metal every five minutes.

H. R. G. finds fault with the first line of the poem, "Keep to the Right," which appeared on the front page of No. 496 of *P.W.* He tells me that the rule of the road is "keep to the left," and that, consequently, the whole symbol of the poem is spoilt.————This is not correct. The simile set forth in the poem is that of the pilgrim journeying on foot, as he did in olden time, along the road of life, and my correspondent apparently forgets that for pedestrians the rule of the road is to keep to the right. Or it may be taken in quite a figurative sense without reference to walking or riding.

L. G. D.—The Victoria Cross carries with it an annual pension of £10. This is acceptable, of course, but I question very much whether any V.C. man prizes the pension one-hundredth as much as the bronze cross.

THE interest in the novel competition in which readers are asked to name the day and hour at which the British flag will be hoisted at Pretoria is developing week by week. Several correspondents have written to tell me how they arrived at the dates specified in their coupons. One lady dreamt that on a certain day she saw Lord Roberts personally hoist the Union Jack on the Volksraad at Pretoria, during which operation he continually repeated a certain day and hour. This decided her. Again, a gentleman whose business necessitates the dating of several documents, found himself again and again placing a date some six months hence instead of that of the day on which he was writing. This so impressed him that he decided upon this queerly-arrived-at date for his coupon, giving the hour at which this persistent ante-dating took place. Yet a third reader confides in me that the time he gives is bound to be correct, for on that day he is going to be married. Of course, the majority of people work out the probabilities for themselves, and, judging by the way in which affairs are shaping themselves in South Africa at present, arrive at their own conclusions.

A. G.—The present Pontiff, although a nonagenarian, has not broken the record for old age among the Popes. Pope Agathon, who occupied the Holy See towards the close of the seventh century, lived to be 107. Gregory IX. attained the age of ninety-nine years, and several others passed the ninetieth year.

TEETH.—According to expert opinion, the enamel of our teeth is derived from the scarf-skin, and is, in fact, a modified skin. The dentine, of which the bulk of the tooth is composed, is derived from the mucous layer below the scarf-skin. Lime salts are slowly deposited, and the tooth pulp, or nerve, is the last remains of what was once a pulpy mass of the shape of the future tooth, and even the tooth pulp in the old people sometimes gets quite obliterated by chalky deposits. The scarf-skin, or epithelium, is a superficial cell-tissue investing various parts of the body.

G. A. P. asks: "What was the origin of the expression 'Brother Jonathan' as applied to Americans?"————This originated in the days of Washington. The Father of the American Republic was in want of ammunition on a particular occasion, and he called a council of officers, but no practical suggestion could be offered. "We must consult brother Jonathan," said the general, meaning his Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, the elder governor of the State of Connecticut. This was done, and the difficulty was remedied. To consult brother Jonathan then became a set phrase, and brother Jonathan grew to be the John Bull of the United States.

J.—There are in the English Army 700 Jews, 144 of them being officers. France has 300 Jewish officers, amongst whom are several brigadier-generals and generals of divisions. In Italy the Jews hold high rank in the Army. Thus, the commandant of the fortress at Turin is a Jew; he is a favourite with King Humbert, and was chief of the Italian Crown Prince's Brigade at Naples.

S. Q.—You are mistaken. All squirrels do not climb trees and live among the branches. There is a species of squirrel in South Africa which actually burrows for its home or hides in natural clefts; it is rather larger than the ordinary squirrel, its coat being of a pale brown with yellowish stripes running from head to tail, and its caudal appendage is clothed with long, coarse, black bristles.

W. T. L.—There are eight Field-Marshals in the British army, namely: the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, Sir J. Simmons, Sir F. P. Haines, Sir Donald Stewart, Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, and Prince William of Saxe-Weimar. Lord Roberts is the only one who wears the V.C. The title of Field-Marshal was first conferred in this country in 1736; in its present form it is copied from that of *feld-marschall* in the German services, which was derived from the French term *maréschal-de-camp*, given to officers who performed, in former times, duties that were similar to some of those now discharged by the heads of the commissariat department and military train.

E. L.—Yes, strange as it may seem, there is in England itself a compact Dutch colony 300 strong. Two years since these men were imported from Holland in connection with the peat industry at Thorne, in the West Riding. At first their arrival gave rise to some trouble, and extra police were necessary, but they have since become naturalised, and now these Dutch Uitlanders live on quite amicable terms with their English neighbours.

ARISTO.—Aristocratic families, taken as a whole, have a tendency to die out or to end in an heiress only. We have some very old noble families still flourishing among us, but on the other hand numbers of once celebrated names have died out from among the nobility. Take for instance the twenty-five barons who set their hands to the Magna Charta, not a single male descendant of any of these remains at the present time. Of the Kings who sat upon the throne of England prior to George I., there is no good evidence of a single legitimate descendant being in existence.

OOM.—Many conflicting statements have been circulated with reference to the ancestry of President Kruger; that he is of German descent is the only point on which these stories agree. According to a book just published in Berlin, his ancestors hailed from that city. The President traces his descent from one Franz Kruger, who was born in Berlin about 1660. The son of this Franz Kruger entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, and went out to Cape Town in 1713, when he was twenty-seven years of age; later on he settled down at Stellenbosch. The President himself was born in a house which stood on part of the land now known as Colesberg.

S. C.—The three most famous coaches in the country are the Queen's, the Lord Mayor's, and the Speaker's. The Queen's has not been used since the death of the Prince Consort. The Speaker's is a terribly unwieldy conveyance, which does not often see the light of London streets; when it was brought out for the Jubilee, it required some strong dray horses to drag it along. The stage coach of the Lord Mayor of London is more in use; a stage coach was first employed by the Chief Magistrate of the City in 1712. The first City coach did duty for about forty years, when it was replaced by the present one. The Queen's coach is about the same age.

S. W.—The idea of serving out confectionary to soldiers originated with the Germans. The military authorities of that country tried the experiment of issuing a regular supply of sweetstuff to the men, and they found that the health and endurance of the troops were greatly improved thereby. The American Government has lately ordered a supply of mixed chocolate creams, lemon drops, cocoanut maroons, and acidulated fruit drops, to be sent to the soldiers in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico.

H. C.—It was in 1563 that the Members of the House of Commons were first required to take the oath of allegiance. The oath at that time was a lengthy affair, and after the Gunpowder Plot it was further lengthened to include a number of hard words against Catholics. It is now very brief, consisting of only twenty-eight words, exclusive of the name of the Member.

D. M.—The history of Elmina, a port on the West Coast of Africa, gives us an incident of Dutch smartness of a more pronounced kind than the importation of guns *viâ* Delagoa Bay, under the pretext that they are pianos. It was founded by the Portuguese in 1481, and in 1637, the Dutch, who were not then at war with the Portuguese, obtained possession of it by the following trick. The Dutch Admiral, having set his heart on acquiring Elmina, obtained leave to land his troops by pretending that his men were suffering from a deadly plague, and then spent several days in carrying up "men in hammocks" to the camp granted to him on the top of the hill. When his plans were complete, he opened fire on the Portuguese from a score of batteries. "The men in hammocks" had been guns. Elmina was ceded to the British in 1872, and about a year later, during the first Ashantee campaign, it was destroyed by our forces.

TOBACCO FOR THE FRONT.

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS "Tobacco for the Front Fund" acknowledges the following contributions:

CIGARETTES.

Previously acknowledged: 31,540.

Major Perkins, 200; Milhoff and Co., 600; W. Freer-Malton, 500; C. W. Harris, 1 small box and 1 large box; Milhoff and Co., 2,400.

CIGARS AND PIPES.

C. T. L., 1 pipe; Dinah Hansford, 1 pipe; G. G., 21; W. Freer-Malton, 1 gross clay pipes; Shawclough, 2 boxes cigars; Victor, 1 box cigars; H. H. P., 2 pipes.

TOBACCO (IN OUNCES).

Previously acknowledged: 1,527½ozs.

A. C. Hurren, 1½; J. Walters, 4½; C. Wilson, 5; J. C. Dowey, 16; the Dunkirk Crew, Birmingham, 36; C. T. L., 12; Hughes' Midgets, 64; Blackburn, 1; W. Freer-Malton, 320; F. Crippin, 32; H. H. P., 4; Shawclough, 144; Mr. Hughes' Midgets, Dr. Broughton, Manchester, 96; A. W., 2; John Gordon, 32; Arthur Berry, 20; H. J. Hayes, staff and friends, 112; Friends at Gloscop, 9.

Collected: Helen Holmes, of Lester Collingwood's "When London Sleeps" Company, 63; John Crook, from orchestra of Lyceum Theatre, 105.

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE.

Single column, per inch, per insertion	£2	0	0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	100	0	0
Half page " "	50	0	0
Quarter page " "	25	0	0
Eighth page " "	12	10	0
Tenth page " "	10	0	0
Front page " "	120	0	0

All spaces above one-tenth of a page are charged at per page rate. Series discount: 5 per cent. for 13, 10 for 26, 15 for 52 insertions. All advertisements are subject to approval. The proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Offices: HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.
Registered Telegraphic Address—
"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney (180 Pitt Street), Melbourne (362 Little Collins Street), Brisbane (Edward Street), Adelaide (7 King William Street), and Cape Town (58 Loop Street).

P.W. can also be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248 Rue Rivoli, and at the principal Kiosks.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901.
IF IT'S IN P.W., IT'S SO.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Paralysis.

Mr. Henry Hall, 62 Wood Street, Stockport, suffered from nervous fits, and eventually had a stroke of paralysis. His limbs were drawn up and trembled. He could not control them. Despite hospital treatment he grew worse, until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were taken. After third box he gradually recovered strength.

Influenza.

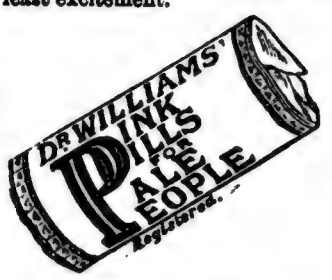
Miss Jenny Barry, the charming and well-known vocalist, is one of the most enthusiastic friends of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, having been cured of distressing Nervous Prostration after Influenza, which left her pale, thin, and excessively debilitated, bursting into tears at the least excitement.

Early Decay.

Mr. H. S. Lewis, 18 Amberley Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield, clerk, a young man, broke down and suffered from great Debility. He called in medical aid, only to have his health pronounced shattered, and he was not yet five-and-twenty. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills made him a man again, and a strong one.

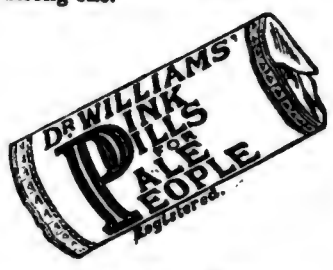
Acute Indigestion.

Indigestion in the form of acute attacks troubled incessantly Mrs. Burns, of Liscannor, County Clare, Ireland. She describes her sensation "as if something were growing on my chest." Constantly vomited. Completely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.



Decline.

"Decline" had laid hold upon Miss Gertrude M. Yates, of 17 Wood Street, Fallingsheath, near Wednesbury. She wasted to a skeleton. Food did not nourish her; excessively weak; ordinary medicine of no avail. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills made her a strong, plump girl.



Consumption.

Miss E. Pitt, Ringford, Kirkcudbrightshire.—Cured of Consumption. Lost blood, wasted away, and had a bad cough, with night-sweats. Violent pains in the head; indigestion. Years had passed in despair: Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were tried, and restoration to health was startlingly rapid.

St. Vitus' Dance.

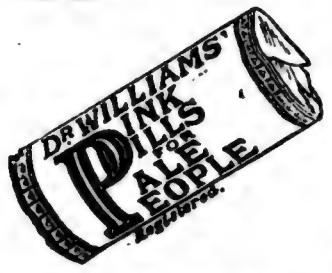
Little Gertrude Williams, child of the respected proprietors of the Swan Theatre Vaults, Water Street, Llanelly, became suddenly helpless, as if paralysed, and was found on medical examination to be affected with St. Vitus' dance. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, given (as directed for children) half a pill at a dose, cured her.

Paralysis.

Mr. Thos. Wilkinson, Auchenairn, Glasgow.—Cured three years ago of Paralysis. Right side was wholly useless—the dangerous condition known as hemiplegia. Speech affected and face distorted. Was quickly restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism and Sciatica.

Mr. Joseph Holloway, aged 67, of Victoria Street, Nuneaton, was for many years a martyr to Rheumatism and Sciatica. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended. The first box stopped the pain, and with perseverance he was soon happy and active.



Heart Disease.

Mr. William Gerrard, of Hadfield, on the borders of Lancashire and Derbyshire, sustained a severe shock in the death of his wife, and neighbours actually discussed keeping the grave open for him. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his life in the nick of time.

Neuralgia.

Miss Cissie Cowser, 15 Palmerston Avenue, Clarendon Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.—Neuralgia in the head and defective circulation of the blood. A surprising change in her health and appearance set in before the second box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was finished.

Internal Disorders.

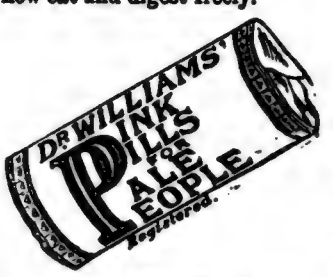
Influenza left Mr. J. G. West, 104 Mayfield Road, Gosport, with severe internal pains and agonising indigestion. Body much swollen. Ordinary medicine of no avail. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills entirely cured him. The pains dispersed, and he can now eat and digest freely.

After-Effects of Influenza.

Mr. Charles Taylor, of Brockridge Hill, Frampton Cotterell, in the West of England, was prostrated by Influenza. When he recovered he was a changed man; severe internal pains racked him. He was weak, depressed, sleepy, and could not digest food. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored his nerve, making him a brisk, healthy man.

Eczema.

Miss Harvey, Kingsteignton, Devon, suffered from childhood with Eczema, which broke out after vaccination. She also suffered misery from Indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured the indigestion as well as the skin disease.



Heart Disease.

Miss E. Millord, Thorntree Cottage, Cambridge Road, Southport.—Heart Disease, Loss of Breath, and Palpitation on slight exertion. Hospital doctors had failed to benefit, the case was looked upon as hopeless. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills entirely cured her.

Rheumatism.

Mr. John Beckett, 12 Cunliffe's Buildings, Tong Road, New Wortley, Leeds, is 72 years old, and had been 35 years in the employ of the G.N. Railway. Rheumatism for 50 years. Nothing did him any permanent good until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were tried, which entirely cured him, despite his age.

Anæmia.

Mrs. A. Simpson, 85 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London.—Cured of Anæmia and Fainting Fits. Was extremely weak, perspired too freely. Doctors said Mrs. Simpson was on the verge of phthisis, or consumption. She was completely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and has remained well.

Neuralgia.

Miss Reade, 10 Mount Pleasant, Cheetham, Manchester, suffered from acute Neuralgia, with resulting lassitude and weakness. Catching cold, her suffering was aggravated by inflammation of the stomach; but the whole complication of diseases quickly yielded to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Full details of any of these cases will be sent gratis to any address. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands of cases of anæmia, weakness, palpitation, all forms of female weakness, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, rickets, and consumption. These pills are genuine only with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and if a substitute is offered it is best to send to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London: Price 2s. 9d. a box, six boxes for 13s. 9d., post free.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK.

CXLVI.—MR. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE, THE MAN WHO PRINTS THE BIBLES.

FAR back in the past, so many centuries, indeed, that most people have forgotten the story, which may therefore escape contradiction, a certain king presented a worthy Scot named Spott with a forest. With striking originality and as little grammar as possible, the forest was immediately designated "Spott hys woode" after the lucky recipient, and so delighted was Mr. Spott with the general idea of the thing that he called himself Spotthyswoode, after the forest; and thus there sprang into existence a new name, which, with a slight etymological change, became the familiar, though by no means common, name of the Spottiswoodes of the present—that is to say, the nineteenth—century.

It is gratifying to us, as a religious nation, to believe that our familiarity with the name is accounted for, in great measure, by the frequency with which we see it printed on the flyleaves of our best books—our Bibles—and this pleasing feature becomes augmented in our eyes by the reflection that through this very agency the name of Eyre and Spottiswoode as Bible Printers by Royal Letters Patent, has attained its world-wide significance.

With hopes of gleaning some information of general interest to *P.W.* readers as to the working of this colossal firm, the writer sought an interview with Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, the result of the quest being quite a little harvest of things quaint and curious, ancient and modern, some of which are set forth in the following paragraphs.

* * * * *

My objective point, as given me, was 6 Middle New Street, Fetter Lane, E.C., but with self-confident disdain of such details I started out for Eyre and Spottiswoode's, Fleet Street, plain and simple. Oh, how plain it was, and how simple I. Of course, I came to it quite easily, not in Middle but in Great New Street, with the name printed up life-size, and no troublesome number at all—I couldn't have missed it, though I'd tried. Somewhat irritatingly, however, I found that I had struck the wrong department. "Not here," they said (or words to that effect). Ah! Little New Street, to be sure. No, nor there, either. Printer's Street, then? It sounded likely enough and was, in fact, solid Eyre and Spottiswoode on both sides, from end to end. In East Harding Street, too, there they were, flourishingly ubiquitous. At this juncture it dawned upon me that there was a kind of colony of Eyre and Spottiswoodes in and about Fetter Lane. Then, and only then, I firmly resolved to go to Middle New Street, and though lured from the path of duty by other numbers and other departments I persevered until at last I stood within the portals of No. 6, the partners' office, from which the whole huge concern is managed.

Seated in a spacious upstairs room, the massive antique furniture of which betokens its use by many a generation of *littérateurs* and business men, one is in fancy carried back a clear century and more to the days when William Strahan (great-great-grand-uncle to the present Mr. Spottiswoode) received in this very room the famous Dr. Johnson, his

OFT-SNUBBED THOUGH MUCH-BELOVED

biographer Boswell, and his illustrious friends, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Oliver Goldsmith.

Still further back in the mists of time is the year in which the originators of the present firm received their title of Her Majesty's Printers. To be strictly accurate the title was then His Majesty's Printers, the date being 1739 (Anno Domini I may mention, for one must be particular about epochs and things in dealing with a firm of such ancient lineage), and the event happening when George III. was King. The very first man upon whom the dignity of King's Printer was conferred was Caxton himself, in the fifteenth century, and as thirty-four persons only have received the title since its inception, the exclusive nature of the honour is obvious.

We return to 1900 simultaneously with the entrance of Mr. Spottiswoode, a keen, dark, active man of thirty-six, who is associated at the present day with two partners, Mr. G. E. Briscoe Eyre and his own younger brother, Mr. Cyril Andrew Spottiswoode.

In the Encyclopædia Britannica there appears an interesting article on the late Mr. William Spottiswoode, father of the present bearers of that name in the firm, who was distinguished alike as author, mathematician and scientist, became President of the British Association in 1877 and of the Royal Society in 1879, and, dying in 1883, was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Our interview commences and I make an encouraging start with the information that though Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode has been seven times to America and wice to Australia, he has hitherto shown marked success in eluding the interviewer. I mention *P.W.*, and Mr. Spottiswoode seems resigned to his fate, and a leading question elicits some interesting statements.

"No," he replies, "we are not the only contractors for Government printing work. Time was, and that not so very long ago either, when we were the chief contractors; but circumstances have changed considerably of recent years, and our business policy has gradually undergone a change to correspond with the altered situation. I may explain to you that more than half a century ago the firm resolved to devote its capital and energies to Government work, Departmental contracts, and so on, and as we possessed at that period a very large private business, our decision, as a firm—for this was long before my time, you understand—necessitated the disposal of our Book and Job Departments to another firm. These were therefore taken over by my uncle, George Andrew Spottiswoode, and the business thus transferred has since constituted a distinct concern in itself, though we work in perfect harmony.

"We were induced to take this step on the representations of the Government then in existence, and for many years we were the chief executors of Government contracts. There came a time, however, when some of the supervising officials conceived the idea of splitting up the contracts into small pieces, and throwing them open to speculative competition, and as a natural consequence we lost considerable portions of the Government business on which we had previously practically held the monopoly. The keen cutting of prices thus engendered meant that somebody or something had to go, and it will not surprise you to learn that one or two of

OUR SUCCESSFUL RIVALS FAILED

—one for a million and a quarter. Some of the suspended contracts, however, were only temporarily lost, and in course of time came back—'with a naughty little twinkle in their eye'—but in the meantime we found it necessary to reconstruct our business policy on the new basis of private and public enterprise and expansion. Of course, we still possess an enormous amount of Government business, which you may gather from the fact that we have no less than 1,500 tons of type continually standing in formes; that is, actually set up ready to be called into use, should the Government demand additional copies or reprints of any of their documents, blue books, etc. By the terms of a Government printer's agreement, such formes must not be reduced to pi, or unassorted type, for twelve months, but must stand untouched in our vaults ready for use, if required. Oh! yes, we have some decent contracts. Here is one we have secured, for instance, that may interest you, being the supply of telegraph forms for 1900, to the number of 294,000,000.

IT'LL TAKE A BIT OF COUNTING

if nothing else, won't it?

Our rights in Bible printing by Royal Letters Patent are unequivocal and exceptional, but we do not insist upon them. We are satisfied that we produce Bibles at so cheap a figure that other firms cannot undersell us. We have, therefore, no desire to become monopolists in this matter, not from a business complacency alone, but from higher motives also, I trust. Indeed, we rather pride ourselves upon the fact that our Teacher's Bible, which was absolutely the first thing of the kind brought out, has been the model for all such publications produced by other firms.

A Bible gets more care bestowed upon it than any other class of printing. I suppose you know we pay a guinea to the first person who discovers and reports a spelling mistake in any of the numerous editions of our Bibles. Twenty-eight different workpeople handle each copy in the course of its production—compositor, electrotyper, pressman, machine-minder, binder, warehouseman, folder, roller, several proof readers, sewer, paperer, presser, cutter, cutting-examiner, gilder, cover-cutter, embosser, forwarder, letterer, varnisher, binding-examiner, wrapper, coverer, packer, and sundry other classes of hands being required, ... Any other branches of work in hand? you ask. My dear sir, every other branch of printing work you can think of. What, can't think of any? Then come through the departments and see for yourself."

I protested feebly, for a departmental tour through the premises of a firm that

EMPLOYS 3,000 HANDS

and occupies whole streets is nothing short of a day's work, and journalists are not supposed to work. I do not say they don't or can't or won't, because they do and can and must; but the fact remains that they are not supposed to do anything but write articles and owe back rent.

But in a weak moment I yielded, and the memory of that journey will long linger in my recollection. Upstairs and downstairs, sailing up hoists or scrambling through catacomb-like vaults, sitting in luxurious ease in one room and leaning negligently against a bucket of glue in another, crossing bridges over streets, anon descending into the bowels of the earth by mysterious subways. Only one man on earth could describe the tour properly—that man being the *P.W.* chorographer—and he is laid up with influenza.

There were a number of offices in bright array, however, that riveted my attention from their brand new appearance and *fin de siècle* atmosphere. On inquiring of Mr. Spottiswoode concerning them, I was told that they were the offices of the SPHERE. I had realised ere this, that things were done on a big scale in Fetter Lane, but I was scarcely prepared to hear that Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode were going to run the world on a kind of "Europe Limited" principle. But it was explained to me as follows:

"You see," said Mr. Spottiswoode, "the SPHERE is our new illustrated weekly, and constitutes our first venture of the kind. As representing its Proprietors, The Nineteen Hundred Publishing Syndicate, or in other words, Eyre and Spottiswoode and a few friends, I may state frankly that we are not going to claim the filling of a long-felt want, but on the other hand we believe that there is more of a field for this class of paper than for any other we know of, such as the dailies and the magazines; and, therefore, when Mr. Clement K. Shorter approached us with a view to establishing and conducting, as part proprietor, such a publication as the SPHERE will be, we thought the opportunity should not be missed. Here's his room. Let's interview him, and hear what he has to say for himself."

Mr. Spottiswoode tapped at the door, but there was no answer. Then he pushed it timorously ajar, and murmured: "Can you spare us a minute, Shorter?" The editor of the SPHERE looked up, as who should say: "Certainly not; anything in reason, seven or eight seconds, perhaps, but a whole minute, oh! dear no."

He did not say so, however, but came briskly forward, a combination of Business and Art personified. He looked the kind of man whose interview would run to half a dozen words, "Pleased to see you, good-bye" without any noticeable punctuation, and who would shake hands with you once, in the centre of the interview, so as to do for twice.

He must have been in a lenient mood however, for he granted me quite five minutes.

One word revealed the man. "Past successes!" he exclaimed with disparaging gesture, "don't let us talk of them, let us devote ourselves to future efforts, and take my word for it the SPHERE will get the best of mine. . . . There is always room at the top and the SPHERE will have every chance to get there. Something like the GRAPHIC in style, the new pictorial weekly will possess many features all its own. We do not intend to encroach upon the field at present occupied by similar publications; we have mapped out a field for ourselves, and need

POACH ON NO MAN'S PRESERVES.

As we state in our sub-title, the SPHERE will be a journal for the home in the best sense. Yes, the drama will receive its share of space and attention, but confined only to the intellectual and æsthetic branches thereof. Leg pieces and such-like vulgarities will be rigidly tabooed—to emphasise the situation in a single phrase, the SPHERE *will* be a journal for the home. Good-bye."

From Mr. George King, the genial business manager of the new concern, I learned that £40,000 worth of plant has been laid for the new publication, and that a large number of the leading black and white artists have been already retained in the service of the SPHERE, the first number of which will be on the bookstalls simultaneously with this issue of *P.W.* Four of these artists are at present at the seat of war, and others follow immediately. The literary work of the SPHERE will emanate only from the pens of those who are recognised by the world as being at the top of the tree.

And now it was almost time that I should cease my interviews, and conclude my visit to Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's, but before leaving I begged Mr. Spottiswoode to give me a few particulars about himself, necessary for publication as a guarantee of good faith.

"Is it necessary?" he queried.

"Absolutely," I replied. "The whole success of an interview hinges upon the seeming details of whether a man smokes or drinks, or is a total abstainer, whether he eats meat, or is a vegetarian, and so on."

"Well, in that case," said Mr. Spottiswoode, "I may admit to all these vices in moderation. Music is one of my hobbies, and I play the clarionet, saxophone, and basset horn, and am one of the directors of the Royal Academy of Music. For active exercise I depend on golf, although I played cricket, till compelled by typhoid fever to abandon it a couple of years ago. Are you satisfied now?"

I was—at the time—and came away quietly, but I have since remembered a whole lot of things I was going to ask about, and I must go back again some other day, and cross-examine Mr. Spottiswoode far more searchingly than I did.

Don't Put Off
Till To-Morrow
What You Can Do To-Day!

You can order the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS to-day! One Penny of all newsagents. If you order it now it will not be "out of print" just when you want it. A magnificent double page plate by Caton Woodville, being No. 2 of our Souvenirs of the War, is given away with to-day's number, and is entitled "Bringing up the Guns."

Write to the editor of the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS if you want to know anything about the war.

For both Husband and Child.

The Husband always had a cold, and the Baby had spasms through teething.

DORIS IRENE RICHARDSON.
(From a photograph)

We wish to again emphasize the beneficial effects of Scott's Emulsion in babies when cutting their teeth. It is difficult to explain all of the favourable influences of this preparation without entering into an exhaustive scientific discussion, nor do we think it is necessary. Every parent knows what a trying time this is for children, and also the serious phases of it. The body is feverish, digestion is upset, gums are sore, and often the children seem to be nothing but a bundle of nerves.

Teething babies need help, and the best help they can have is Scott's Emulsion. You will be as much convinced of this fact, if you try this preparation, as was the lady who wrote the following letter:

"56 Langsett Road,
"Hillsbro', Sheffield,
"April 12th, 1899.

"Dear Sirs,—I am writing to tell you how much good Scott's Emulsion has done my husband and child. My husband always had a cold or was ailing some way, and had tried everything anyone recommended. Nothing did him much good, however, until he tried Scott's Emulsion, and the first large bottle did him such a great amount of good that he was much improved in health. My baby was suffering from spasms through teething. She was a fine child, but she went dreadfully thin and looked very weak. I thought I would try Scott's Emulsion for her. The first few doses did her good, and after a week or two she was looking better than ever. She has cut nearly all her teeth. She is only one year and seven months, and a finer child it would be hard to find. I think there would not be so many children suffering through teething if their parents would give them Scott's Emulsion. It is a splendid preparation. Wishing it all the success it deserves,

"Yours truly,
"(Signed) N. RICHARDSON."

Here you see a practical demonstration of the scope of Scott's Emulsion. The father needed something to strengthen the system and raise the standard of health, while the baby also needed the properties which Scott's Emulsion contains.

Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil made palatable and easy of digestion, combined with hypophosphites of lime and soda, and glycerine. The oil has a favourable effect upon the whole system, while the hypophosphites are food for the nerves, an aid to digestion, stimulant for the brain, and material for the formation of healthy bones. When given to children during teething, Scott's Emulsion has a soothing effect upon the digestive system and nerves, and helps them in many ways to go through this period without distress.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott and Bowne Ltd., manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

IT STEALS NO VICTORIES.

The night of September 30 (331 B.C.) was drawing on. The army of Darius, *more than a million strong*, lay out on the great plain under arms. On higher ground were the Macedonians and their allies, only forty-seven thousand in all. The disparity between these numbers appalled the king's staff, and they besought him to attack the enemy by *night* and so conceal *from their own troops* the fearful odds against them.

At this suggestion Alexander laughed, and returned the memorable answer, "I STEAL NO VICTORY."

The words of a sportsman rather than of a general, you say. Yet Alexander was right, for on the next day he won his mightiest battle.

What a magnificent thing is a power which conquers in the open, without asking help from luck or chance. Not many such, you say. Granted. Here's a short tale, though, somewhat that way. At least it hints at the possibility of a potency of that breed if it does not quite demonstrate it. Let us see.

It's a woman's story—short, pathetic, and homelike. No armies in it whatever, yet still a battle; a battle of the kind most of us get a taste of more often than we like, and against an enemy who has no objection to stealing a victory whenever he sees an open road to it.

"For a long run of years," the woman says, "I was a victim of disease; a prisoner of hope whose hopes grew dull and dim as nothing happened to turn them into realities. The doctors named it chronic liver and kidney trouble.

"At first I had a dull pain in the right side and was frequently sick. My tongue was coated and the skin sallow and dry. The old spring and ambition ebbed away from me. I sank under a feeling of lassitude and could respond to no call for strength and energy—for I had none.

"My appetite left me and the solid food I used to eat and enjoy I was obliged to leave untouched. Merely light stuff and liquids, these made up my diet; and even *they* produced discomfort and distress, with a special sense of distention of the stomach and tightness of the chest. So bad in time did this come to be that the very sight of food was repugnant to me.

"Then followed a pain at the lower extremity of the back, which was occasionally so keen and cutting as to make me cry out with the agony of it. Now and then this pain would extend to the right hip. The doctors said it was caused by an inflammation of the kidneys. Night was a period of misery and weariness. My rest was obtained only in fragments, and sometimes I would be aroused from sleep by a choking and sinking sensation—so bad I had to fight for my breath.

"Weakness grew upon me until I was confined to my bed for days at a time; then I would crawl feebly out again.

"A local doctor attended me at first. He seemed to understand what ailed me but could find no remedy for it. Under advice I went, in July 1889, to the Cottage Hospital at St. Leonards-on-Sea, where I was under treatment five months—a long, trying, and almost heart-breaking experience. The change of air did me some good, but after my return home I was soon bad as ever.

"Subsequently I attended St. Thomas's Hospital and the Soho Hospital (London) but what they did for me had no good result. More worried and anxious than ever, now that the probabilities of recovery appeared to get less and less, I consulted other doctors, one after another, and in 1895 Miss Nesbit, a lady living at Brixton Hill, gave me a letter of recommendation to the Brompton Hospital, but it all came to nothing. By this time I was so low and depressed that *I used to sit down and cry like a child in my loneliness and despair.*

"One doctor said my case was chronic and there was no cure. In August, 1897, I read of just such a case having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and my husband got me a bottle from Mr. J. Davies, the chemist in Railton Road. After taking it I was much better. The pain was less and I could eat and digest solid food.

"I persevered, and *in a fortnight* all the pain at the kidneys was gone. My secretions became natural, and *a month later I was well and strong.*"—(Mrs) Lucy Hoad, 81 Barnwell Road, Brixton, S.W., July 12th, 1899.

This, and a host of other instances, shows the radical curative power of Mother Seigel's Syrup under the worst conditions. It never deceives or disappoints. It meets the enemy and defeats him. *It steals no victories*

Butchers are the Most Expert at Weight-Guessing.

IT is his business, of course, and he becomes expert at it, as a man might in any work, but the customer who pays any attention to it at all is sure to be interested, nevertheless, in the accuracy with which the butcher cuts off just the required amount of meat. Whether it is two pounds of steak, or four pounds of chops, or six pounds of corned beef, it's all the same to him. He slices away very casually, and lays the meat on the scales. It does not vary more than a quarter or a half pound from the weight required, on even the heaviest pieces, and on the lighter pieces within an ounce or two.

A man, for instance, goes into a butcher's shop and asks for three and a half or four pounds of, say, corned beef. The butcher picks up a knife, and, without the slightest hesitation, with one strong, smooth sweep cuts off a piece, which he lays on the scales. It weighs three pounds and three-quarters; it is in weight exactly midway between the limits set.

The expert butcher gets his ability to do this naturally enough, from good judgment to start with, backed up by long experience, but when he cuts things as close as this, even the customer looks upon him as a wizard.

THERE are two directly opposite reasons why some people cannot obtain credit. One is because they are not known, and the other because they are.

"AHA!" exclaimed the heavy villain. "The plot thickens!"

"It's about time," remarked the occupant of the gallery. "It's been pretty thin so far."

VILLAGE DOCTOR: "And what do you intend to make of this little man, Mrs. Brisket?"

Proud Mother: "Butcher, sir. 'E's bound to be a butcher. Why, 'e's that fond o' animals, we can 'ardly keep 'im out o' the slaughter 'ouse."

"I WISH I knew," said Mr. Tucker, "how I caught this cold."

"Didn't you get a bad cold when you changed your underclothes last spring, pa?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, I believe I did."

"This cold's in your head, ain't it, pa?"

"Yes."

"Well, perhaps you got it by changing your mind."

Scottie's Patriotism.

A SCOTSMAN from the Balmoral estate emigrated to America with his wife, where he was found a situation which necessitated his becoming a naturalised American. In company with his wife, he attended the court to go through the necessary formality.

"You must renounce allegiance to Queen Victoria," said the official.

Sandie's jaw dropped, for he was loyal to, and an extenant of, the Queen.

"Dinna dae it, Sandie!" cried his wife. "Remember the black silk dress Her Majesty gave me!"

Sandie scratched his head in perplexity.

"An' the braw kilt ye had frae her, Sandie!" screamed his wife.

Sandie thought of the situation. Fifty shillings a week!

"Your ain cousin, only six times removed, was piper tae her, Sandie!" shrieked Elspeth.

Sandie eyed the Bible on the official's desk.

"An' she pinned the Victoria Cross on your ain faither's breast, Sandie," wailed his wife.

"Na!" roared Sandie, his mind made up; "I'll na forswear the auld leddy! I maun find anither job!"

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.

In Boxes 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1½d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

The Sale is Now Six Million Boxes Yearly.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

WHAT IS BEING WORN IN TOWN JUST NOW?

Nothing is now more fashionable than a high-class Fancy Vest. We will tell you how to get a

FANCY VEST FREE OF CHARGE.

from this day until Monday, February 19th, at 8 p.m.,

WE WILL PRESENT, free of any extra charge whatever, a high-class Fancy Vest, in the newest shades, in Fancy Spots and Check Tattersalls, Spotted Cords, etc., to every purchaser of one of our Famous West-end Suits at 27/6 to measure, or higher price, in all the new cloths, including the highly fashionable Scotch Tweeds, Serges, Vicunas, Cashmeres, &c., &c., or one of our West-end Overcoats at 25/-, 30/-, or higher price to measure. We guarantee these Vests to be equal to any 10/6 Vest, in every way, and our Suits and Overcoats (now so well and favourably known) are pronounced by many of our customers to be quite the smartest in town, and equal in value to those charged double for at many houses. Should any of our customers be dissatisfied with their goods (an unlikely contingency) we guarantee to refund the money. That is our system of business. Patterns (together with self-measurement forms) of Vests, Suitings, and Overcoats post free to any address on receipt of a post-card. Our patterns need not be returned. *It is to be distinctly understood that the* **Fancy Vest** *is a* **Gift Absolutely,** *and intended as an advertisement for our West-end clothing.*

City gentlemen and others can now have their measurements taken, select patterns and give orders at our post order department, at 30 **ALDERSGATE ST., E.C.,** close to the G.P.O. and Aldersgate Street Station, a journey West thus being avoided.

W. THOMPSON BROS., Tailors, Ltd., 3 OXFORD STREET, LONDON. W.

(Corner of Charing Cross Road.) HOURS, 9 to 8. SATURDAYS, to 6 p.m.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

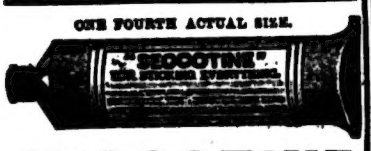
SHILLING BOTTLES.

VARICOCELE

Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing their Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment, without surgical operation, or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free, three stamps.

P. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

ONE FOURTH ACTUAL SIZE.



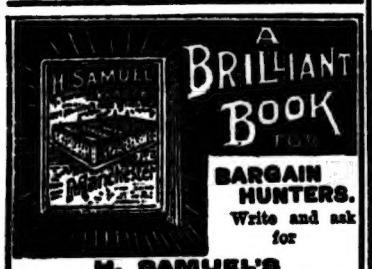
SECCOTINE

THE WORLD-RENOWNED ADHESIVE.

Most powerful adhesive yet invented. Always ready for use. Clean, effective, and cheap. Joins either new or fractured articles in Wood, Iron, China, Paper, Leather, Cloth, Ivory, &c., making the join actually stronger than the article itself. Price 6d. per tube everywhere.

Send for Free Sample.

McCAW, STEVENSON & ORR Ltd., BELFAST; 29 Cannon St., London; 12 Renfield St., Glasgow.



A BRILLIANT BOOK FOR BARGAIN HUNTERS.

Write and ask for

H. SAMUEL'S ALBUM OF BARGAINS

Nearly 600 pages and over 2,000 Illustrations of WONDERFUL BARGAINS in WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELLERY, Cutlery, Plate, &c., at Wholesale Prices. The LATEST and BEST DESIGNS. Middle Profits abolished. BONUS GIFTS to Purchasers. Sent FREE By Return of Post.

H. SAMUEL (Dept. D), Market St., MANCHESTER

EDWARDS'

DESICCATED

SOUP

Don't Waste

the scraps of meat and game which come back from the dinner table. With the help of EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP these may be converted into a delicious stew or hash for supper at a cost which will surprise and delight the thriftiest housewife, and make a material difference in the household expenses. Try a Penny Packet, and you will be agreeably surprised.

Of all Grocers, Cornchandlers, &c.

"My Dear, BUY IT!"

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

To Asthma Sufferers.

Immediate relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough is gained by the use of

Potter's Datura Asthma Cure.

Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1s. each. Free Sample sent on receipt of Post Card to Potter & Clarke, Wholesale Druggists, London, E.

I CURE FITS.

You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. A Valuable and Safe Remedy. Approved by the Medical Profession.

H. G. ROOT, 26, Endsleigh Gdns, LONDON.

Merit Rewarded.

That real merit is the outstanding feature of Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies is a statement which is capable of easy and abundant proof. The fact that so many thousands of consumers continue to buy them year after year speaks volumes for their worth, and is a reward which only attaches to merit. Chivers' Jellies are prepared in a healthy Cambridgeshire village, by up-to-date methods, with the most scrupulous cleanliness and care, and flavoured with ripe fruit juices. The high-class quality and delicious fruity flavour of these dainties gives immense satisfaction all round. Here is a tribute from a Free Church Minister: "We have tried many other kinds of Jelly, but have long decided to speculate no more, as we have been disappointed each time. We really find none like Chivers'." A Wholesale Grocer writes: "I have just been testing other Jellies which have been sent to me for trial, and have decided that no other Jelly can compare with Chivers' both for texture and flavour." A lady says: "Without a fault, simply perfection." Here is the testimony of *The Lancet*: "An excellent Jelly, possessing a flavour of quite a natural character."

Sold by Grocers and Stores in packets, Half-pints, 2½d.; Pints, 4d½.; Quarts, 8d. A free sample will be sent on receipt of post-card. S. Chivers & Sons, Histon, Cambridge. *Please mention this paper.*

£3 £3

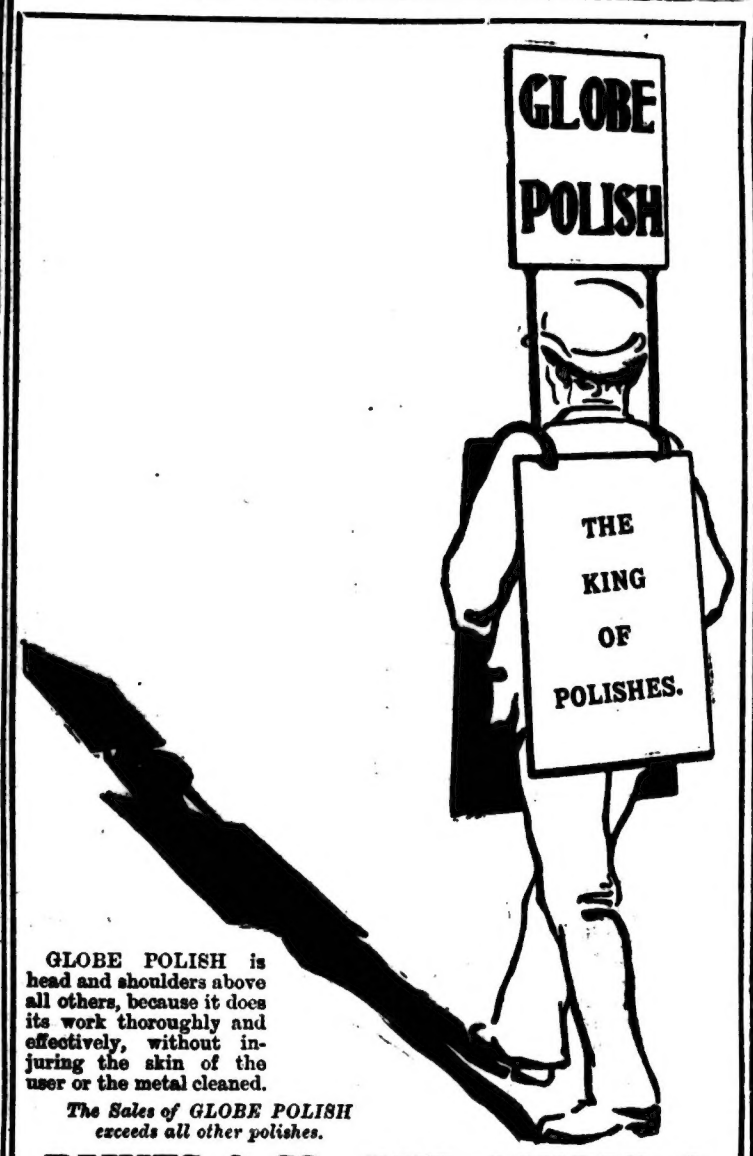
YPEWRITER
LOBE CO.,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

...d secondhand machines by other makers for sale. A few Agencies vacant.

Clearance Sale
All half-price from 2/-. Large House, 2/-. Carriage no object. Lists Free. Approval with pleasure. Pearl-buttons from 6/-. Garments from 6/-. Hypolite, Deptford.

WE BUY FALSE TEETH
STRICT VALUE SENT BY RETURN,
or offers made and teeth held over until accepted.
(Estd. 1832.)
R. D. & J. B. FRASER,
Princes St., IPSWICH, ENGLAND.
Bankers' References . . .
Messrs. BACON & Co., IPSWICH.

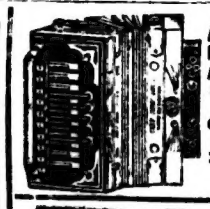
DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY
AT A SHOP. WE SUPPLY SHOPKEEPERS.
2d. IN THE SHILLING DISCOUNT
...be deducted for Cash. Send at once for ...r Large Illustrated Catalogue (free), 2,000 engravings of
WATCHES.
...ery possible kind for Gents, Ladies, Youths, and ...rybody. Our speciality is Reliable Watches. See Illustrations in Catalogue. Also 1,000 designs of
JEWELLERY,
...d and Silver Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Chains, ...nt Bottles, Fruit Knives, Silver Plate, Silver Knick-Knacks &c., &c. Also
ELECTRO-PLATE, CUTLERY, CLOCKS, LEATHER AND OPTICAL GOODS.
Money returned if goods not approved.
G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.,
...11 TO 125 BRISTOL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.



GLOBE POLISH is head and shoulders above all others, because it does its work thoroughly and effectively, without injuring the skin of the user or the metal cleaned.

The Sales of GLOBE POLISH exceeds all other polishes.

RAIMES & CO., BOW, LONDON, E.
And STOCKTON-ON-TEES.



ACCORDIONS
MUSICAL BOXES AND ALL INSTRUMENTS.
Exceptional Value for Cash or Easy Terms.
4s PER MONTH.
Carriage Paid.
CATALOGUE FREE.
DOUGLAS & CO.,
7 SOUTH STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

CHEERFUL WINTER EVENINGS.
CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal
MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments.
NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.
The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. No knowledge of Music required

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon.	Price only	6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	"	10/9
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon	"	14/-
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon	"	16/6

Cut this out and send P.O.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid in Gt. Britain & Ireland.

200,000 TESTIMONIALS.
Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland and Wales, says: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the Finest Instruments that have ever come under my touch, and they only require a trial to advertise themselves."
All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for Season 1899-1900 just out. 200,000 of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send 1d. stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate, GLASGOW. Established 50 years.

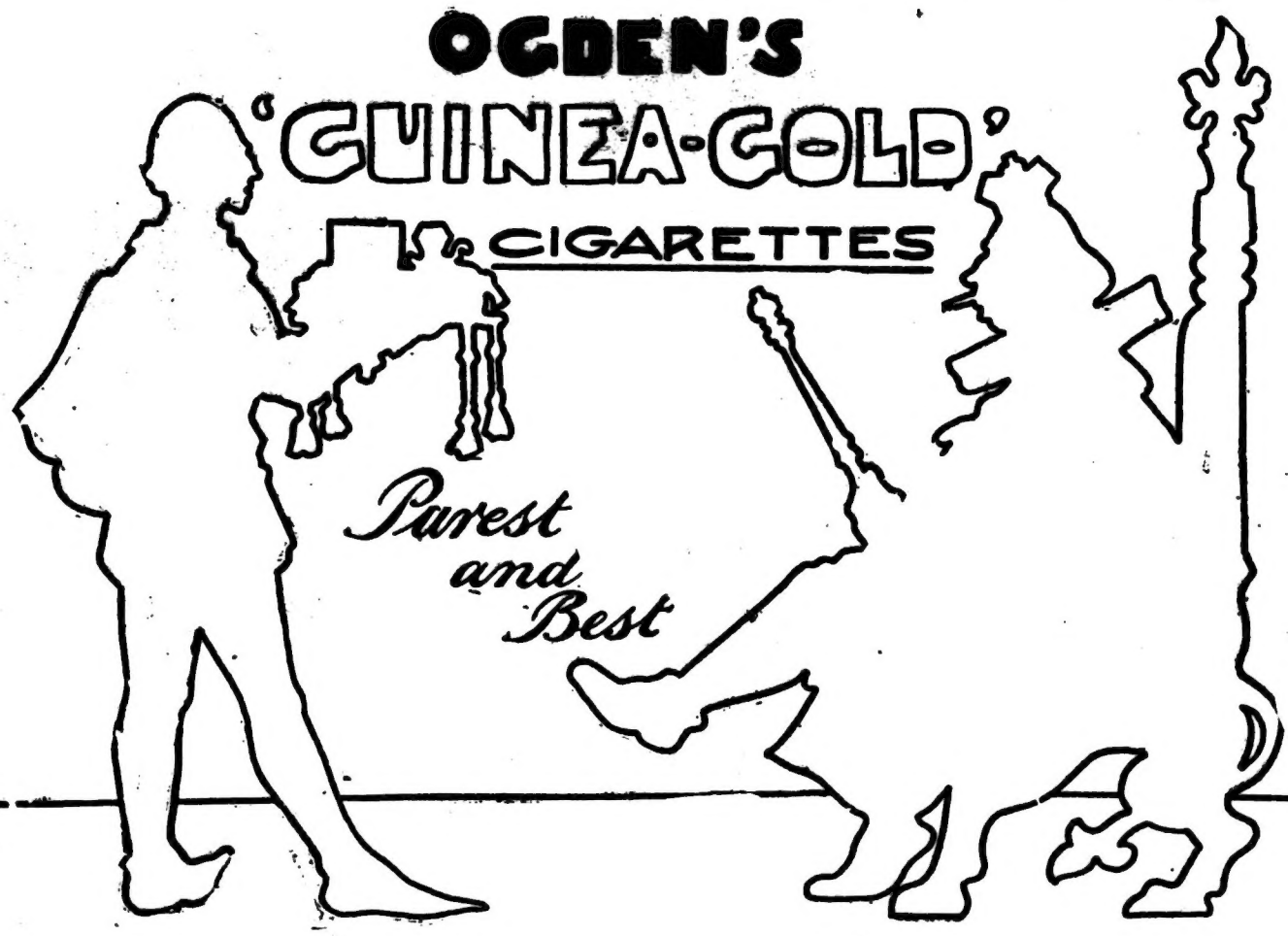
You Want Crockery!
Then buy direct from the Manufacturers and save all intermediate profits.
Look what we can give you for a GUINEA - 21 -

One Complete Dinner Service for 6 persons, beautifully printed on Semi-Porcelain body; One Complete Tea Service for 6 persons, pure white Semi-Porcelain, finished in fine gold; One Complete Breakfast Service for 6 persons, in pure white Semi-Porcelain.
This is undeniably the most remarkable value ever offered for 21/-. *Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory. Just the thing for a nice Wedding or New's Present.* Packed Free. FREE.—Illustrations Post Free on request.
IMPERIAL POTTERY CO., BURSLEM, STAFFS.

THE SWEETS PAR EXCELLENCE
DEVONA
This charming Sweet is made from FRESH CLOTTED CREAM.

CHOCOLATE DEVONA
This is Chocolate in its most DELICIOUS form as a SWEETMEAT.
Sold everywhere in 1d. and 3d. Packets

"FIT FOR A KING"
OGDEN'S
"GUINEA-GOLD"
CIGARETTES



GOT OUT OF BED ON THE WRONG SIDE,

BUT

PEARS' SOAP

MADE A NEW MAN OF HIM.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

Have you tried

Homocea

FOR

ALL SORE PLACES,

It is THE OINTMENT for . . .

Burns, Boils, Bruises, Bites and Broken Skin; Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Cuts, and Colds; Stings, Scalds, Scratches, Swellings, Sores; Head-ache, Ear-ache, Wounds and Piles.

A Stronger form is also prepared as an

EMBROCATION for Deep-Seated Pains

(BUT NOT TO BE USED ON TENDER OR BROKEN SKIN.)

Relieves { Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Whooping Cough, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Colds on the Chest, etc.

Of all Chemists, in tubes, 1/1½, or bottles, 2/9, or post free from the Proprietors, as above.

Of all Chemists, in Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9, or post free from the Proprietors:

HOMOCEA Ltd., 98 Strand, London, W.C.

IT TOUCHES THE SPOT!

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.